Miss America

JUNE 10¢

READY for
a STEADY?
by **Kathleen Norris**

CALLING ALL TEEN-AGERS!

Monsanto offers $500 in prizes for your dress design:

Grand prize	$250
2nd prize	100
3rd prize	50
20 prizes of $5 each	100
Total	$500

Here's fun and profit too.

Dream up a new dress idea... in the new Resloom treated rayon for a lasting crush-resistant fabric...win as much as $250 grand prize money.

It's easy...all you do is sketch your pet idea for a teen-age sports dress of this "out-of-this-world" fabric, wonderful to work with, wonderful to wear.

Sharpen your pencils... your design may win you real prize money, and may be put into production and sold all over the country... start you on a fascinating career.

Rules

1 Contest open to all teen-age readers of MISS AMERICA magazine, except to employees and families of Monsanto Chemical Company and their advertising agents.

2 Design to be for a teen-age spun rayon sports dress.

3 Fill out entry blank below. Answer all questions *and send with sketch* to Monsanto Resloom Design Contest ℅ Room 7308, Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y. Any number of designs may be entered by any one contestant.

4 Each entry to be presented separately on 8" x 10" white drawing paper.

5 In addition to entry blank, all sketches must be marked clearly giving contestant's name, address, age, school.

6 Entries will be judged by a jury of fashion authorities selected by the editors of MISS AMERICA magazine and Monsanto Chemical Company, Textile Chemicals Department. Judges' decision will be final and all material submitted becomes the sole property of Monsanto Chemical Company.

7 All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight Sept. 1, 1947.

8 Contest winners to be announced in December issue of MISS AMERICA.

MONSANTO
CHEMICALS AND PLASTICS
SERVING INDUSTRY WHICH SERVES MANKIND

Entry Blank

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

____

SCHOOL AGE ____________________

Complete this statement in no more than 50 additional words: "I want my dress made of fabric treated with Resloom because . . . . "

(See story on Resloom page 26. For additional Resloom information, write for illustrated booklet: Monsanto Design Contest, Room 7308, Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N. Y.)

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a daisy in this perky
cotton, sparkling with white
bows, belt and buttons.
Maize, pink, blue, aqua—
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past the little girl stage?
. . . not yet ready for teens?
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Miss America

JUNE, 1947 VOLUME 6, NO. 2

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Miss America
10c
READY for a STEADY

Very photogenic indeed . . . our cover girl in gypsy-striped chintz by N. Fluegelman. Comes with ruffly cape, is just a little bare at back. About $9. Designed by Elizabeth Ciccone of Junior First. For where-to-buy see page 66. Jordan's gold script initials on ribbon necklace. $1* for set of three. Seventeen's "So Rosy" lipstick, $1*. And that camera fiend is using Kodak's Brownie Reflex, $7.50*.

*Plus tax

All prices given for fashions featured editorially are approximate.

Kodachrome by Trend Studios

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Are you in the know?

Does this make sense on certain days?

☐ No
☐ Yes
☐ Could be

Gals in-the-know take certain days in stride, *but*– "fierce fun" doesn't make sense. Why jolt your innards? (There's always the merry-go-round!) Choosing milder amusements is playing safe. Like choosing Kotex. You see, you get extra protection from that exclusive *safety center* of Kotex. And that comfortable Kotex Wonderform Belt lets you bend freely because it's elastic – snug-fitting – non-binding. For confidence that's positively *supersonic*, try Kotex and Kotex Belts!

For a too-broad nose, better –

☐ *Clamp a clothespin on it*
☐ *Eye-shadow the sides*
☐ *Widen your brows*

If you guessed this one, you're up on your grooming! And on difficult days, score yourself a plus if you never need guess about sanitary protection. For that means you depend on Kotex – knowing there's a Kotex napkin exactly suited to your own special needs. Yes, only Kotex comes in 3 sizes: Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. Three smart ways to improve your confidence. (Smart as widening your brows to improve that too-broad nose!)

Can Tiny Tess look taller if she –

☐ *Makes like a zebra*
☐ *Wears vertical lines*
☐ *Prefers peplums*

Tired of being "a cute trick"? Wee widgets who'd like to come up in the world should wear clothes that add height. Steer clear of peplums; long jackets. Stripes are smart, but shy away from the zebra type (shown here). Vertical lines make you look taller. Don't give a second thought to the "lines" that plague you on problem days. Choose Kotex . . . for those special *flat pressed* ends of Kotex *prevent* revealing outlines. You can fool the eye, with Kotex!

How would you refuse a date?

☐ *Brush him off*
☐ *Invent an excuse*
☐ *Say you'll be busy*

Ever trip yourself up on your own tall story, after turning down a bid? When refusing a date no fancy excuses needed. Just say you'll be busy; then you're in the clear. Never "no" a date merely because it's "that" time of the month. Keep going – *comfortably* – with Kotex, and the lasting softness Kotex gives you. It's softness that stays faithfully yours – for Kotex is made to *stay soft while you wear it*. So date away, in comfort!

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More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KNOW-HOW to *Wash your face*

by veronica dengel

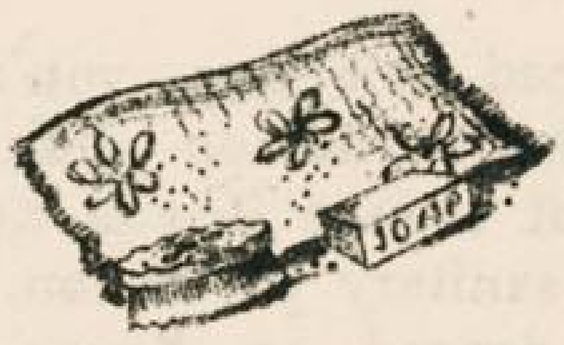
Beauty Consultant; Author of "Personality-Unlimited.'

1—A good complexion brush and rich-lathering soap working together star on the "scrub" team. Just try them and see!

2—Scrub every inch of your face with a rotary motion, diligently and painstakingly, especially the sides of your nose and chin.

3—Finally rinse off the "foam, sweet foam" several times. Your rinsings should be thorough and get gradually cooler, but never icy.

Photos courtesy Cuticura



More than four million boys and girls have some kind of skin trouble, which is largely due, doctors say, to improper cleansing. You slap on some soap and water in the morning, when you wake up, for instance, and again when you go to bed, and think that you've washed your face—you *think*. And there, dear Brutus, lies the fault . . . within ourselves. For your face needs a thorough scrubbing at least twice a day. If it's oily or bumpy, marred with blackheads and pimples, three or four rubbings are not too many.

To do the job right, here's what you need. First, your soap should be pure, gentle, rich-lathering and as free from alkali as is absolutely possible. If it is mildly medicated so much the better, but don't use just any old complexion soap. Pay a little more if necessary, but get the best.

Next, you need a complexion brush with soft bristles (a shaving brush will do), or a rough wash-cloth; if you use the latter, wash and rinse it thoroughly after using. A brush is usually preferred because it cleanses clogged pores completely, and is not so likely to spread infection.

Now that you are ready, and set—let's go! First dip your cloth or brush into hot water. (Warm water is all right in ordinary cases, but for excessively oily skin, blackheads and pimples, be sure to have your water fairly hot.) Then soap your brush generously so that you get an abundant lather when you apply it to your face. Go over every inch of it, the way a doctor washes himself (*Continued on page* **57**)

hello, girls—

June again! The third one we've had here together. Seems kind of incredible to believe, doesn't it, when you think back?

'Way back in '45, here in this column we were wishing all of you a grand Summer—(and right here may we extend the very same best wish!) We were urging you to volunteer your youth and energy to the war effort (and right here, may we say how grateful we are that we don't have to make the very same plea!) We were also extending our congratulations to our graduates—and that too, we repeat whole-heartedly now!

In June of '46, last year, we were speaking to you about *you* again—this time from a very personal angle. We were telling you how to relax, be poised and popular with people. And I think, it's also worth echoing that little musical tip, which we told you then to bear in mind: Never b-sharp, never b-flat, always b-natural!

Yes, three Junes have gone by. Many of the things which we talked about and advised here during that time, still hold true today—people don't change so very much after all. Of course, the greatest change in our lives, the one for which we are most reverently thankful, is that we have emerged from a world at war, into a world at peace. That while we once appealed to you for your support of our young men, gallantly struggling for a peaceful world, we now appeal for your support of our older statesmen, gallantly struggling for a just world.

Keep up with our times. Be aware of the changing conditions—and your role in them. Join and actively participate in organizations which further your world-aims and views. Remember, too that "the whole is no greater than the sum of its parts." Or the world can be no better than *you* make it. Then accept the world and the challenge it holds to you. And make up your mind to conquer both. You can.

Affectionately,

jean goodman

Lasalle's TOLEDO, OHIO

TWIN STRIPES
on our Teena Paige Chambray . . 6.98

Two stripes are better than one. So Teena Paige pairs off her stripes for our chambray one-piecer with the lashed-down belt and string-tied Barrymore collar. Licorice-black on pink, yellow or aqua, sizes 7 to 15.

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Charge ------------- *Cash* ------------- *C.O.D.* -------------
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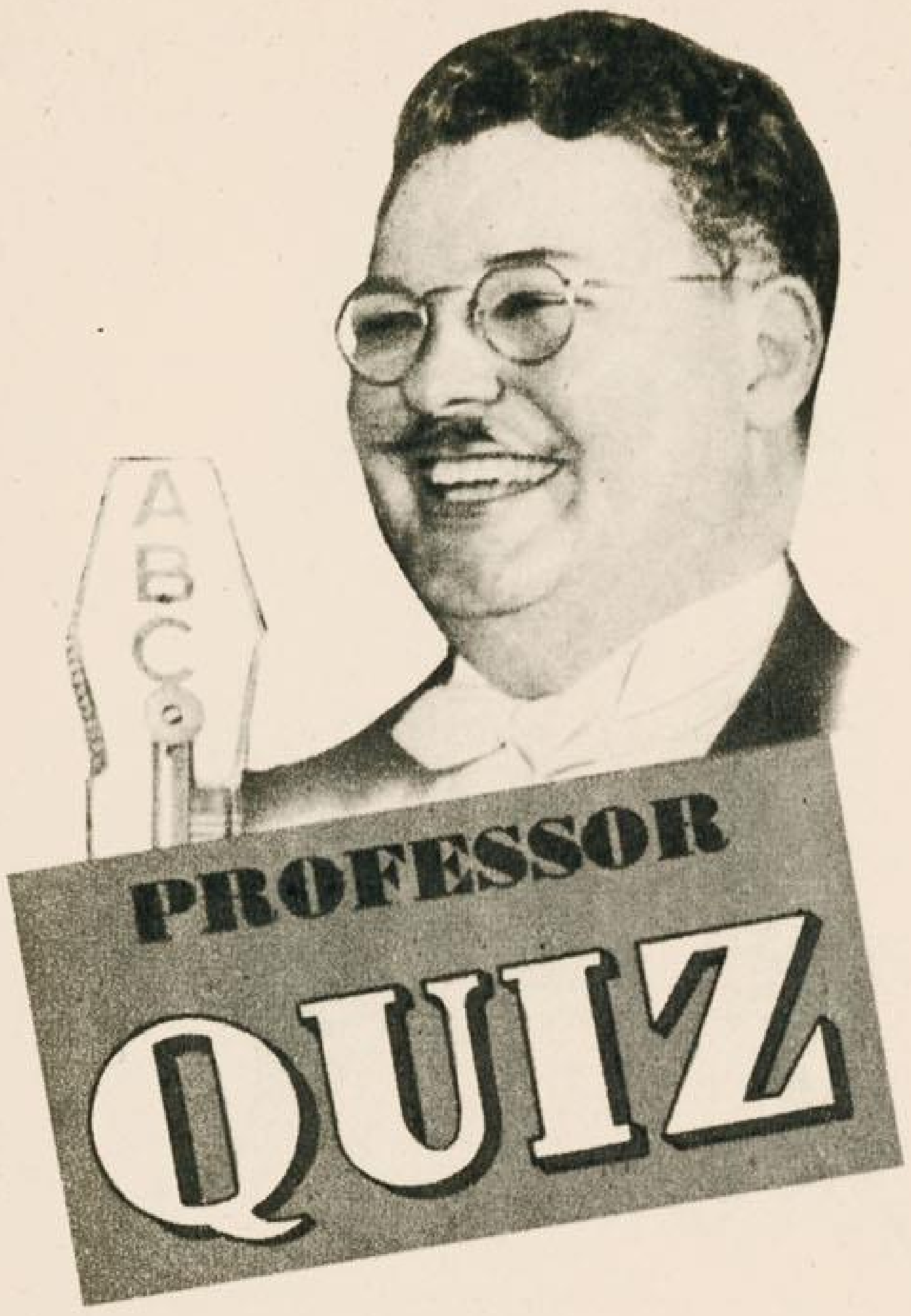
it's the gypsy in you . . .

The gypsy blouse, with your beloved black skirt. By Joan Lord Fashions. About $5 each at James McCreery, N. Y.; Harveys, Nashville.

. . . in this Tweens skirt of Dan River gingham. About $6. Blouse, about $4. Thalhimers, Richmond; The Higbee Co., Cleveland; F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus.

Bright ric-rac spins 'round a batiste blouse, horses 'round the hem. By Derby. About $11. At D. H. Holmes Co., New Orleans; T. Eaton Co., Montreal.

Wrap your wrists in Coro's bead bracelets. Wear Oomphies playshoes by La Marquise, and Forsum's flowers for your hair



PROFESSOR QUIZ

"the one, the only, the original" PROFESSOR QUIZ, ABC Network Star.

QUESTIONS:

1. June is traditionally the month of brides and we'll hear plenty about jewelry this month. Can you think of the birthstone for June?
2. We all know that the Indians were the first Americans but it wasn't until June of what year that they were given the vote?
3. Our neighbors below the Mason-Dixon line have a holiday all their own which is celebrated this month. What is it?
4. In our first war as a nation and in our latest one June has given us a great victory. Can you name them?
5. A great patriot, a great song-writer, and a great authoress were all born this month. Who were they?
6. Summer begins officially on June 21st. In New York City, for instance, do the days grow longer or shorter during summer?
7. June 16th is Father's Day. Who are these famous fathers: Father of our country? Father of democracy? Father of our American Navy?
8. The Peace Treaty ending what war was signed this month?

ANSWERS:

1. Pearl
2. June 2, 1924
3. Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, Texas, and Virginia celebrate the birth of Jefferson Davis, June 3, 1808.
4. Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775; Midway, June 4-7, 1942, or D-Day, the Invasion of Normandy, June 6, 1944.
5. Nathan Hale, June 6, 1755. John Howard Payne, composer of "Home Sweet Home," June 9, 1791. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," June 14, 1811.
6. Shorter. June 21 is the longest day of the year and the days grow progressively shorter until December 21, the shortest day of the year.
7. George Washington. Thomas Jefferson. Commodore John Barry.
8. The Treaty of Versailles, June 28, 1919, ending World War I.

it's a fresh new YOU

in **MILK-TONE CAKE MAKE-UP**

Of course you love the glamour look you get with cake make-up. But you don't want to use *any* make-up that will dry or roughen your skin. Helena Rubinstein, world-famous for her scientific approach to beauty, blends a cake make-up that makes you look super-smooth, but keeps your skin moist and fresh, because it's made with mild, gentle, milk protein. It's *your* cake make-up—Helena Rubinstein Milk-Tone.

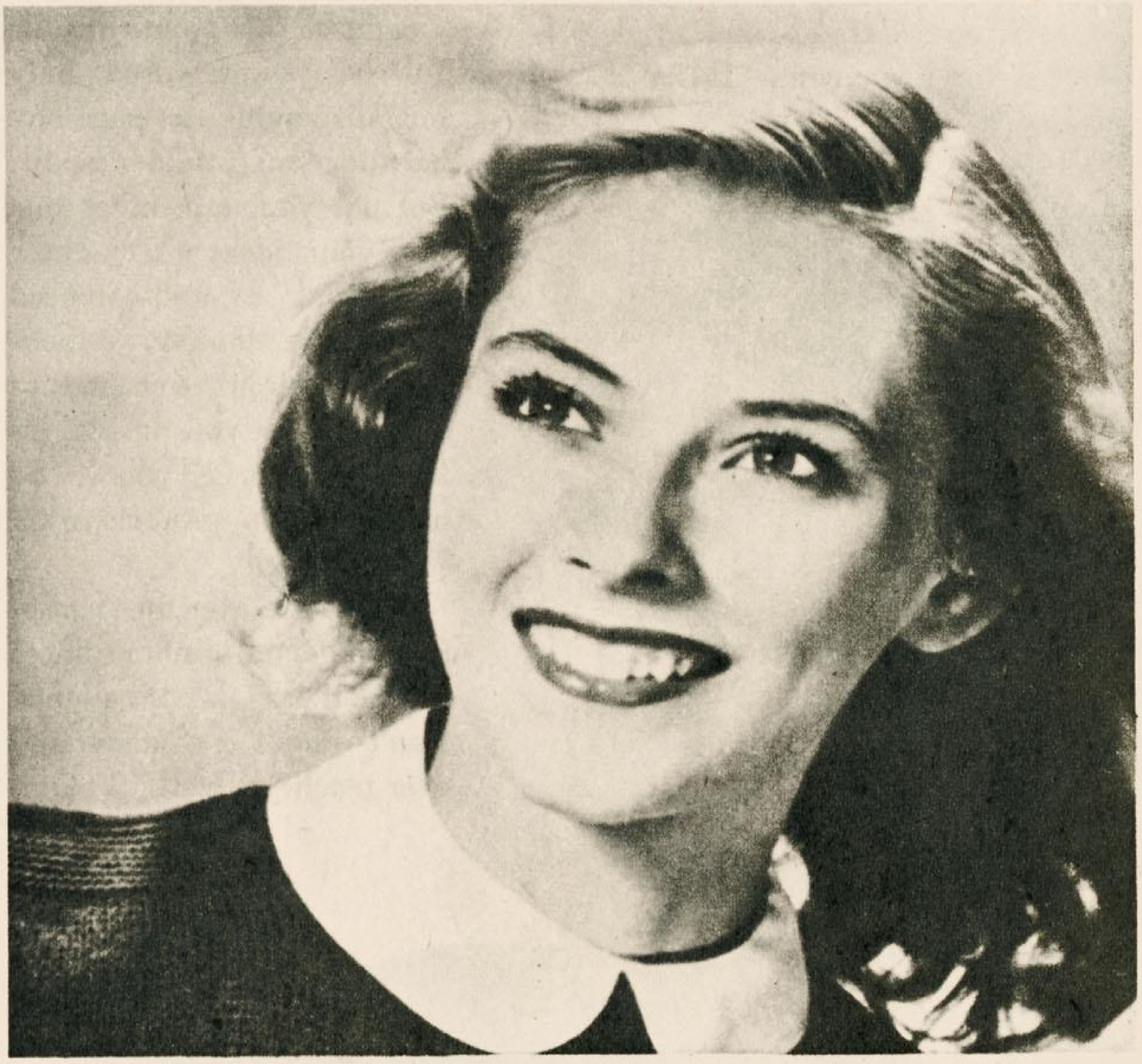
MILK-TONE CAKE MAKE-UP, 1.00
Crackerjack, Peachbloom, Mauresque, Rachel, Suntan

PLUS CLEANSER, a lathering cream that foams your skin rosily, dazzlingly clean, 1.00

SCRUB TEAM (Plus Cleanser with Sponge), 1.50

HELENA RUBINSTEIN LIPSTICKS, Crackerjack, Command Performance, Heavenly Glow, 1.00 and up

plus tax

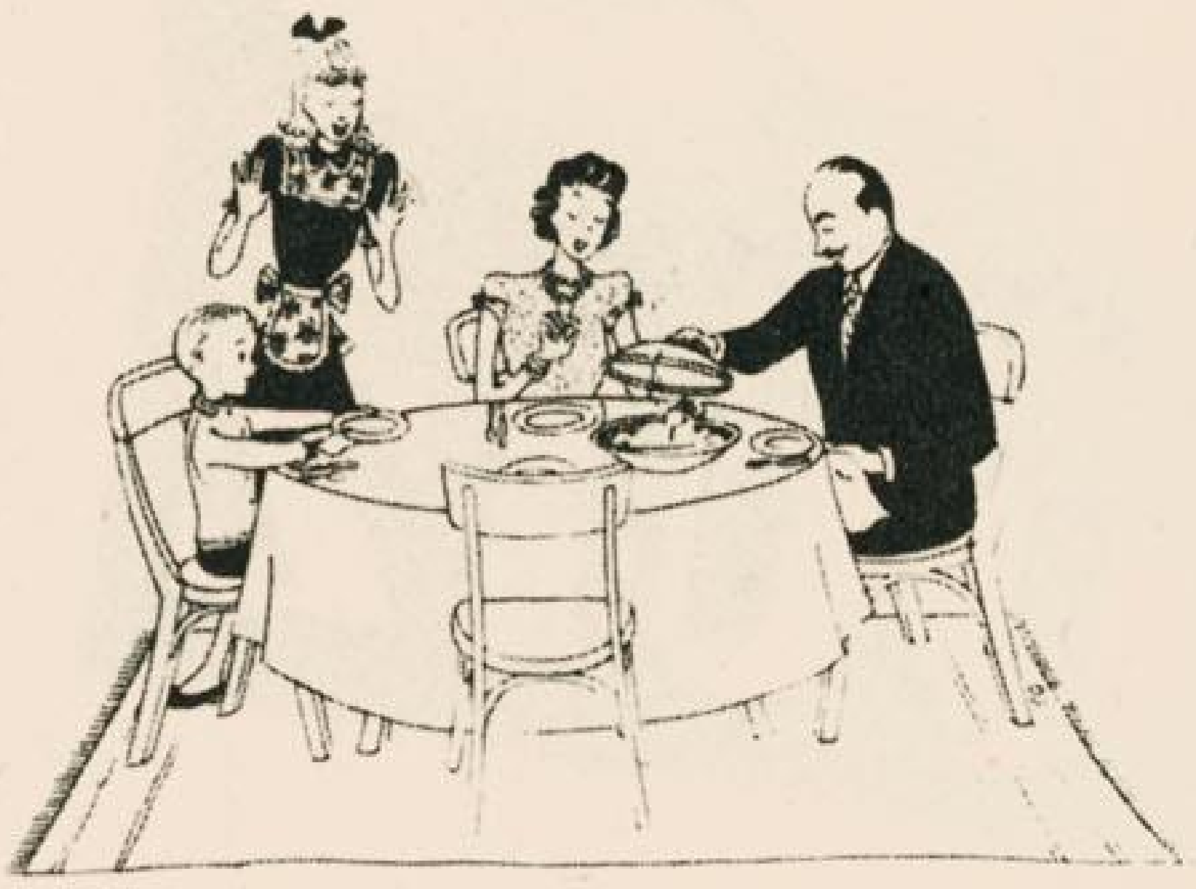


helena rubinstein

PARIS • 715 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22 • LONDON

Ring the Dinner Bell

FOR COME AND GET IT, when you feed the family without stove fright as a "day off" gift to your mother . . . dad and the brethern and sistern will love you for it too *by gertrude blair*



EVEN Cinderella had a night off. Remember? So why not Mother? And how about you taking a turn at the pots and the pans? How about making your project "operations dinner" as a gift to your mother? If you plan your strategy well, you'll come in with flags flying.

The key to your success is P-L-A-N, so let's stop and think about it for a moment. P-L-A-N your approach. That means common sense, doesn't it? That lets out a dainty salad, and a cup of tea. You know the kind of meal we mean, delicate but light in nourishment. None of that for the main meal of the day! So it better be something hot, something substantial, something flavorsome. Settled but def!

Now right at this point, if your beautiful head were used only for displaying a page-boy hair-do, you would despair. But not you, remember this was your idea. You know all about a well-balanced meal—nutritionally, esthetically. Your home economics course gave you inside information on all that. So now you can practice what was preached.

But to run over the steps—first under all circumstances—take it easy, keep it simple. Don't—don't go fancy and over-reach yourself. For instance, serve fruit juice or some plain fruit for first course. Then nothing can go wrong. Next, a main dish. That takes some thinking. But how about baking a broiler? Ever heard of it? It's simple as simple can be. You can get your chicken already cleaned and quartered. Wash it quickly and pick off any stubborn pin-feathers. Season with salt and pepper. Add a spread of fortified margarine all over the surface (a thin spread, not a thick one), and a dusting of flour. Then bake in a moderate oven (350° F.), uncovered, about an hour. And that takes care of that! 'Course, that's not really all. You do have to have a partner or two to accompany the chicken. What will it be? Something simple but kind of elegant. How about corn on the cob served with herb (*Continued on page* 53)

FLASHES from MAC...

DOT-DOT-DOT-DASH flash: Direct from Hollywood—Peggy Ann Garner, lovely 20th Century-Fox star of "Bob, Son of Battle" has just joined our regular MAC board! We welcome you, Peggy! . . . Extra! Presidents of the winning chapters obtaining highest membership are: Gloria Robbins, Bronx, N. Y., 140 members; Maxine Sirkin, Detroit, Mich., 96 members; Espes Versola, Kahuku, Hawaii, 86 members; Elaine Greenberg, Brooklyn, N. Y., 64; Vera Mae Oser, Vicksburg, Miss., 41; Congrats!

We're in high gear now on our Contest Special! . . . Ruffles run riot in the Fairfame competition; nifty notions galore come up for American Thread; our Kodak-camera fiends are puh-lenty busy (and clever, too!); paint, plans for tricky CVH raised paints are pouring in; and you can just smack your lips over those Nucoa cookie ideas! And now—just in case you haven't seen our inside cover, we'll tell you about Monsanto Chemical Company's dress design contest. It's a brand-new, grand-new fun-and-fashion fest, for you! Design your own dress—and win up to $250. Sound good? You betcha—so all ye eager beavers hop to it now—and good luck!

DON'T MISS YOUR CHANCE TO...

WIN $75.00

OR ONE OF 17 OTHER FINE CASH PRIZES

in NUCOA'S big "MAKE 'EM—NAME 'EM" COOKIE CONTEST!

CONTEST CLOSES MIDNIGHT, JUNE 30, 1947

SWELL PRIZES — ENTER NOW

First Prize	$75.00	Third Prize	25.00
Second Prize	50.00	15 Prizes of $10.00 each	

EASY! EASY!
HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

1 Write Cookie Contest Editor, Miss America Magazine, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y., for Official Entry Blank, complete with Contest Rules.

2 **Make cookies** by the basic recipe at right, adding your own individualizing touch of shaping, flavoring, or decorating your cookies.

3 **Then give your cookies a name!** It's easy! Base the name on some characteristic of your cookies, such as the shape, the flavoring, or the way you decorate them. Or call them something which suggests an *occasion* for serving them—"Picnic Specials," for instance. Or again, you may get bright ideas from the gang's joy when they taste your cookies. "Hey! Hey!" wouldn't be such a bad name — but you'll think of others. Only don't delay. Time's a-wastin'!

? ? ? COOKIES

- ⅓ cup Nucoa Margarine
- ⅔ cup sugar
- 1 egg
- 1⅓ cups flour
- ¼ tsp. soda
- Flavoring

Cream Nucoa well with sugar. Add egg and beat until very light and fluffy. Sift, measure flour and resift with soda. Combine with creamed mixture. Add your choice of flavoring and mix well. Roll dough very thin on floured cloth; cut in fancy shapes. Decorate according to your own ideas, with sugar or spices, for instance, or colored candies, nuts, or fruits, etc. Bake on well-Nucoa-d cookie sheet or bottoms of inverted pans in moderately hot oven (375°F.) 8-10 minutes, according to thickness. Watch that they do not get too brown!

Prizes will be awarded for the cutest, most appropriate cookie names.

It's smart to use NUCOA

Cookies made with Nucoa Margarine taste wonderful because Nucoa, being a delicious spread for bread, adds *richness with luxury flavor.* Yet Nucoa is not expensive. Try it—you'll see!

THE WHOLESOME VEGETABLE MARGARINE WITH 15,000 U.S.P. UNITS OF VITAMIN A
NUCOA
VEGETABLE OLEOMARGARINE
A PRODUCT OF THE BEST FOODS INC. BF

"NUCOA" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Sweets to the sweet. Jerry digs into the chocolates, getting able assistance from May, Marshall Thompson and Elizabeth Taylor. Um-um looks as though a very happy birthday was had by all.

Music-maker Aaron Gonzales gives a "request performance" for Mary Brown (Joe E.'s daughter) and Roddy McDowall at the dinner-dance Mary gave for the film colony "younger set" recently.

HOLLYWOOD'S Younger Set

On the set, behind the scenes, here, there, everywhere—goes eagle-eyed May Mann scooping-up those fascinating film flashes, just for you!

by may mann

Happy birthday to you! Jerome Courtland slashes into his 21st birthday cake, as Mona Freeman and Shirley Temple (former leading ladies) and host Atwater Kent beam their very best wishes.

HAVE you heard: Van Johnson takes his baths in a black tub in a silver and black marble bathroom in his new home? He and Evie—are soooo happy!! . . . The Dick Haymes are expecting another baby, their third . . . Esther Williams and Peter Lawford are campaigning for Metro to take them to the Bahamas or Honolulu for their new co-starring picture "On An Island With You" (for which, incidentally, Esther had to shed ten of her svelte and lovely pounds).

Cornel Wilde has a three months' vacation, one he's been longing for . . . (One of the James Masons' cats had kittens—a complete surprise!) The Masons love America, and James will make a movie in Hollywood this fall. He's deciding on the script! Further, Pamela (Mrs. Mason to you), a lovely English star in her own right, will most likely be his leading lady.

"Oh how I'd love to meet that boy!" 'Course you've said that many times, when you've seen some attractive male at church, or the club, or perhaps driving by in his dad's car—but you've no common meeting ground.

It's that way in Hollywood too—so some of the nicest and most understanding parents banded together and decided to get the young people, who should meet and know each other, together at parties.

Atwater Kent, the radio multimillionaire, hosted the first big afternoon tea dance, which celebrated the twenty-first birthday of Jerome Courtland. Remember him? He played opposite Shirley Temple in "Kiss and Tell."

Everyone met everyone else, and so many telephone numbers were exchanged!

We stopped Jerome long enough to congratulate him on his birthday, but he'd spotted a lovely sixteenish blonde, and he was anxious to be off to ask one of the hostess committee to introduce him.

Elizabeth Taylor, the M-G-M star was there with Marshall Thompson, who is the new rave around the M-G-M studio.

So many of the girls wore conventional black dresses. The few who went in for color looked like bright, pretty flowers.

Incidentally, we took a survey among some of the fellows as to their preferences on feminine attire. Fifty percent liked the chic black dress, the rest preferred color when worn with the right accessories. Not one in ten liked to see too daring decolletté dresses—honest! Said they were embarrassing to the fellows, and definitely cheapened a girl. Well, shades of grandmother, whatta-you-know! Seems the boys like party dresses, but not the ones that cause everyone to stare and stare and secretly snicker.

Hold onto your hearts, gals! It's M-G-M's Peter Lawford!

* * *

At Dick Byron's party, Johnny Sands, who just completed playing the fourth brother in Paramount's "Blaze of Noon," brought blonde seventeen-year-old Marilyn Monroe, a typical, wholesome Miss America over to meet us. Is she pretty!!!! She's just been signed by 20th Century-Fox. We presume in another year you'll be hearing a good deal about her.

Jane Withers with her zip and zest as usual, had a monopoly on the men. Rory Calhoun arrived dateless and Eric Feldary was another bachelor-boy having a time for himself.

* * *

One of the really very, very parties of the season was Mary Brown's (she's the daughter of Joe E. Brown) for the younger set at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Mary wore her hair up and tied it with a velvet ribbon, and danced most of her dances with her escort Roddy McDowall. (*Continued on page* 56)

look well in the sunlight to do well in the moonlight

let Noxzema nurse your skin

Here's help for a "problem" complexion. Don't let the bright Summer sun show up your poor complexion—and slow up your Summer fun! See how much Noxzema, the famous *medicated* beauty aid relied on by so many nurses, can do to help improve *your* problem skin. Thousands of girls with externally-caused blemishes have successfully tried this simple, sensible Noxzema beauty routine.

Day and Night Complexion Care

1. ***As a medicated powder base:*** use Noxzema daily to help make-up look smoother, stay on longer.

2. ***As a greaseless night cream:*** pat on Noxzema to help smooth rough, dry skin and help heal externally-caused blemishes.

Quick Relief for Sunburn

Don't let painful sunburn spoil your fun—or your looks—*this* Summer! Cooling, soothing Noxzema puts out the fire . . . brings fast relief to tender, reddened skin. Non-sticky, can't stain clothes.

Over 20,000,000 jars used yearly.
Get your jar of Noxzema today

NOXZEMA ***At all drug counters 10¢, 35¢, 50¢ plus tax***

Memory of LOVE

by michele small

Still fighting the civil war of love, Great-grandma Waltham returns with a tale of a lass, a lad and a match-making President . . .

GREAT-grandma Waltham settled herself primly in the rocker, adjusted her shawl and laid her hands in her lap. Out of the corner of her mouth so that she wouldn't have to turn her head she asked, "Who do I look like from the side, Dorothy?"

Mrs. Herman studied the patient face and kindly eyes; the shawl, the folded hands.

"Whistler's Mother!" she said triumphantly. "Like in the picture, you know. Whistler's Mother!"

Great-grandma permitted herself a tiny gratified smile. "Imagine that!" she murmured.

"Only," Mrs. Herman said doubtfully, "you look a little older. Whistler's grandmother, maybe?"

"Take that back, Dorothy Herman," said Great-grandma Waltham, "or I'll never speak to you again as long as I live."

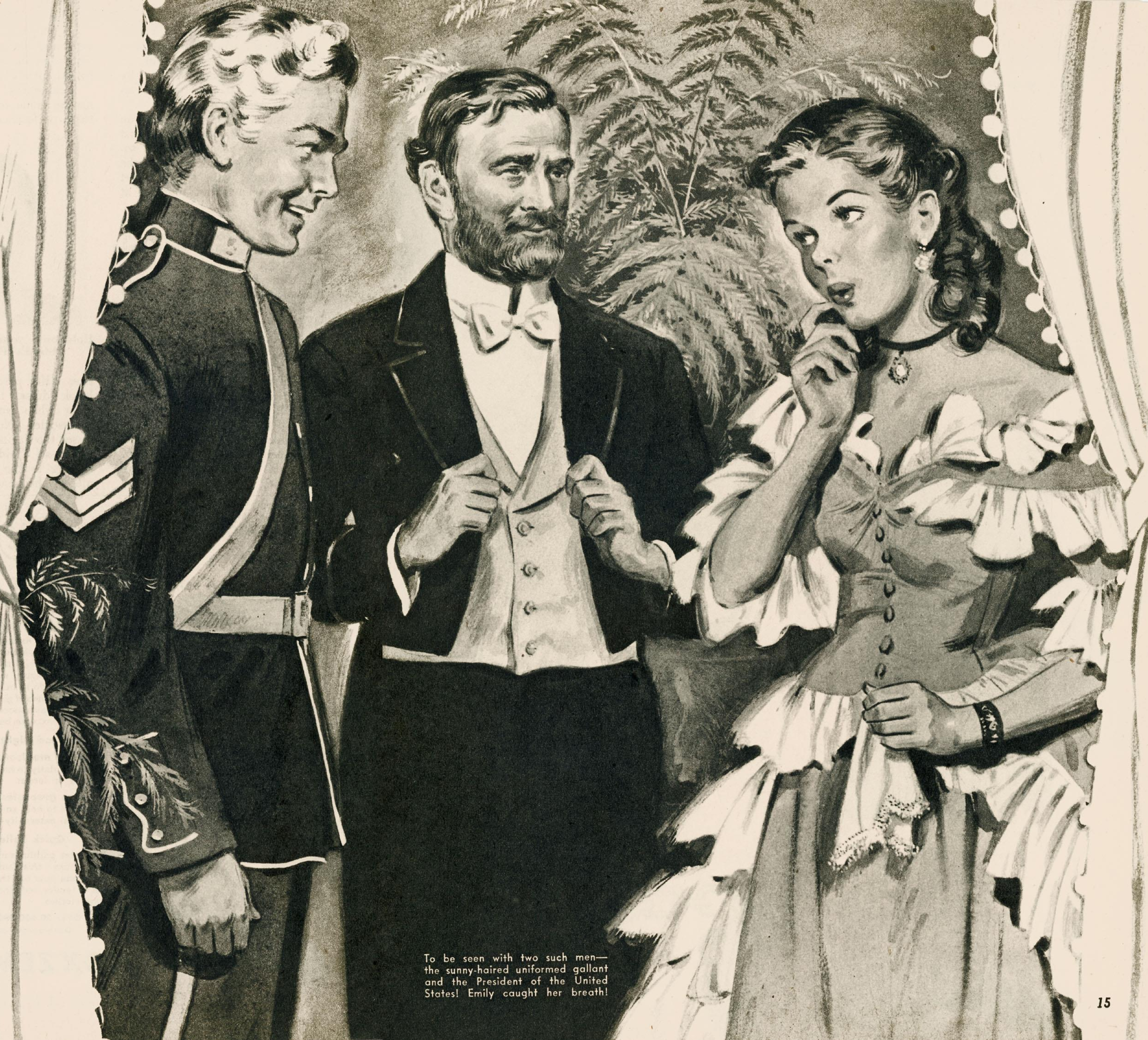
Mrs. Herman reached out and patted her friend. "Where's your sense of humor, Toots? Can't you young folks take a little joke?"

Mrs. Waltham chuckled.

"Who am I to be worried about my age? I'm 87, but there was a time when I was as young and beautiful as my great-granddaughter Townsend out there leading the grand march and I had a uniform in love with me too."

Great-grandma waved a hand toward the dance floor where the radiant Townsend, clinging to the arm of the senior cadet captain, led the grand march which traditionally opened the dances at Pompton Military Academy. Behind her marched two-by-two the other cadets and their young ladies according to the precedence of military protocol and Great-grandma thought she'd never seen a prettier sight.

(*Continued on page* **64**)



To be seen with two such men—the sunny-haired uniformed gallant and the President of the United States! Emily caught her breath!

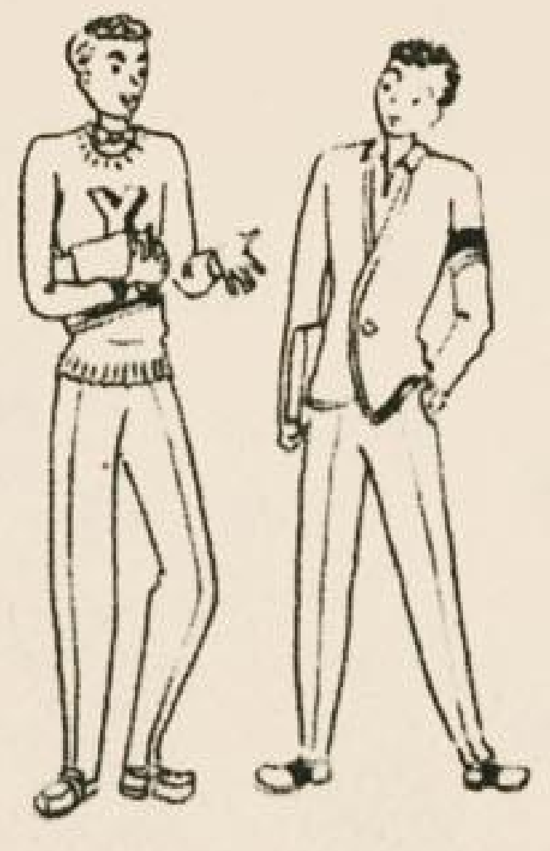
If "to be or not to be the one and only" is burning question number 1 on your agenda, hold that decision and read on for pointers on how to avoid "rue-teen"

READY FOR A STEADY?

"FREDDY and Hedy are a steady Coosome Twosome." No, we're not getting poetic, though our feet are Longfellows, we're just repeating a blurb from the gossip column of your school paper. It's only eight little words, but it means more to you right now than any world-shaking headline. It means that your heart belongs to Freddy, and his heart belongs to you. You're his Private Property and he always calls you Puddin', cause that's his favorite dish.

You're going steady and it's wonderful! Wonderful, because you'll never again have to slink around corners and dash into the movies on a Friday night W.A.D. (Without A Date). You're going steady and it's heavenly! Heavenly, to know that once every evening the telephone will ring for you, and it won't be Suzy for the answers to the geometry problems.

It'll be Freddy, naturally, wanting to know what color sweater and socks you're wearing tomorrow, so he can wear some to match. Freddy even pins a miniature hair-ribbon on his sweater, to match the one nestled in your locks. Your clothes match, and more importantly, your ideas match. You always want to do the same things at the same times, with the same *(Continued on page 54)*



by Kathleen Norris

the perfect Gift

FROM the corner of her eye, Corrie caught sight of Bruce loping toward her down the flagstone path. He'd come, at least. For a brief instant, her heart lifted—then sagged like a deflated balloon. Purposefully, back toward him, she kept on mowing, grass spurting from the blades. She took a grim satisfaction in the perspiration beading her brow, the faded blue shorts, the grass stains on her knees.

"Hey, Corrie, where were you?" Bruce Lang barged in front of the mower. Forced to a stop, Corrie leaned against the handle of the machine, regarding him dully.

"Where was I when?" she asked carefully.

"You know darn well when! An hour ago, *(Continued on page* 60)

by julie easton

Seems that the green-eyed monster can sometimes go disguised in a dirndl skirt and loafers, when favorite author Maxine Shore spins a yarn of a moonstone chatelaine that rocks the boat of true friendship

and now tomorrow . . .

But first, of course, the way you look TODAY! You couldn't look more completely wonderful than in swirling-skirted white pique. Youngthings by Delphi. About $17 at Franklin Simon, New York; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh. And if the class decides on long dresses, yours by H. & H. Goodman is a dream with that whopping bustle and bustling sleeve. About $20. Saks-34th St., N. Y., Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila.

Pearls by La Tausca. Graduation shoes by Kay Karzmar. And everyone has a new Bulova watch as a graduation gift.

Photo by Trend Studios

A graduation trio vying for *summa cum laude,* and all-through-summer honors. In the foreground Topteens graduate with a sweet necklace of self posies. About $11. At Namm's, B'klyn; May Co., Cleveland, Los Angeles.

A flirty ruffled hem circles Teentimer's cool sharkskin, that ties with a big back bow. About $8. At The Bon Marche, Seattle; The Hub, Baltimore; Gimbel Bros., N. Y.

If you're the tailored type, Teena Paige does you proud in a dress with a tucked yoke. Comes with or without those touches of black velvet. About $8. At Marshall Field, Chicago.

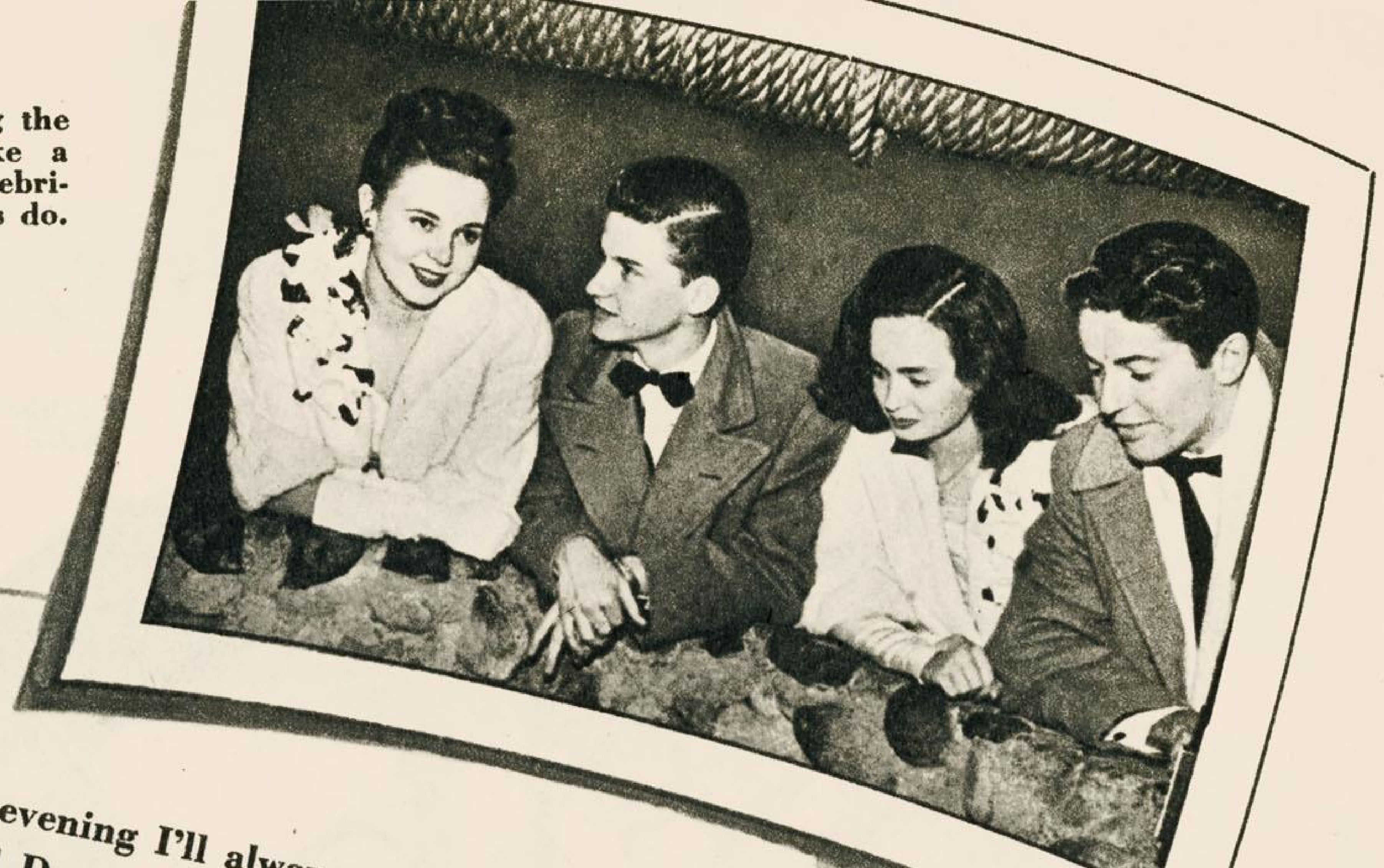
MY DATE WITH Roddy McDowall

by hazel dawn, jr.

Roddy asked me for a date

he called for me in a large limousine

we arrived amid a large crowd



Here's Them! Before entering the preview, Rod and Hazel take a quick look-see, for cinema celebrities, just as thousands of teens do.

"An evening I'll always remember." Charming Hazel Dawn, Jr. tells you why her very first date—with the Magnificent McDowall!—was indeed a "souvenir" she'll always cherish . . . .

I WAS studying civics for a final exam when Roddy McDowall leaned over and said, "Hazel, may I have a date with you for a new screen premiere this Monday night?"

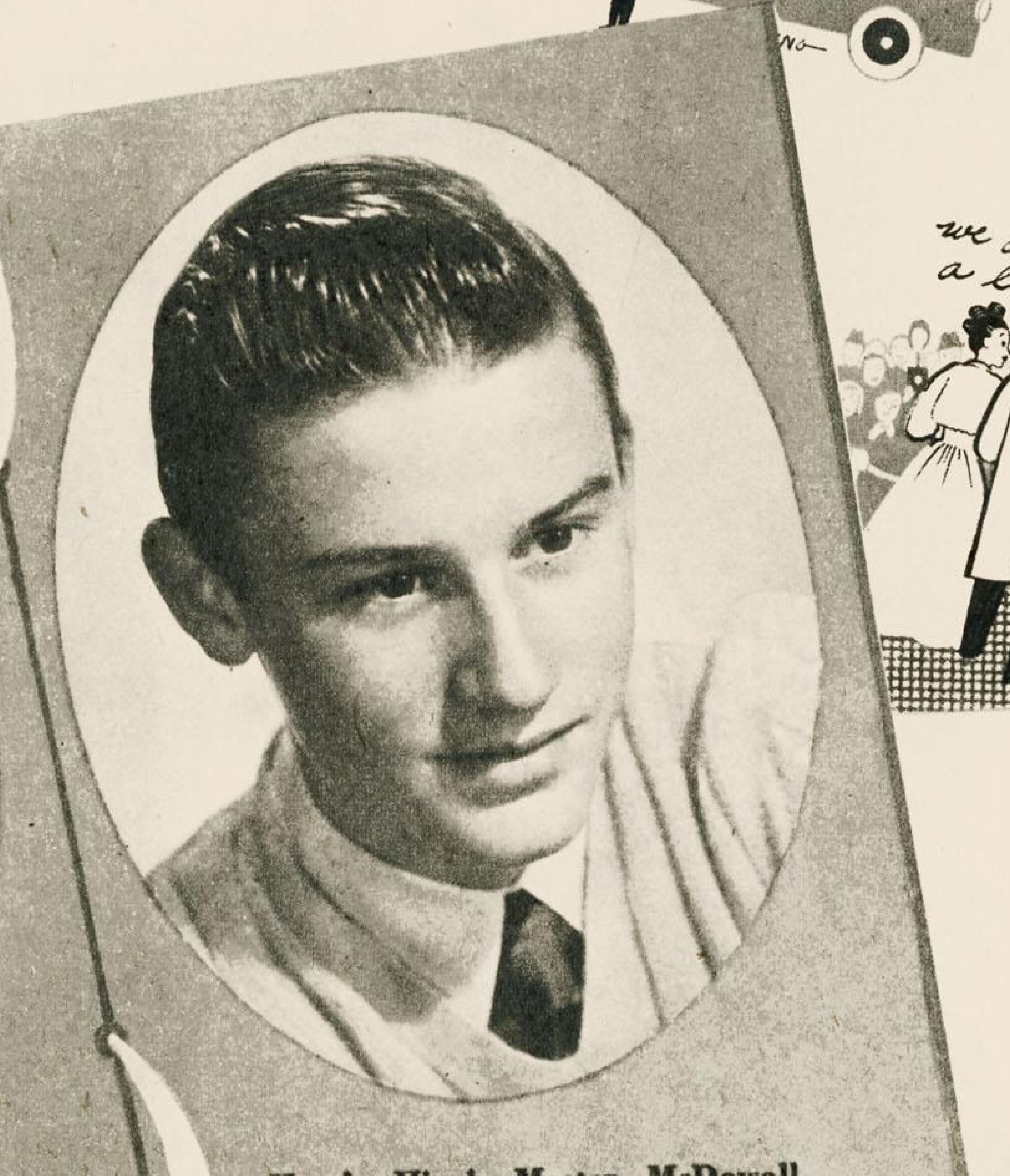
I was so surprised! I had never been to a premiere. In fact, I had never had a date except with the boys I knew and had grown up with in my Sunday School classes at church.

"I'd love to. Thank you," I managed. As soon as possible, I was in a telephone booth calling mother to tell her the exciting news!

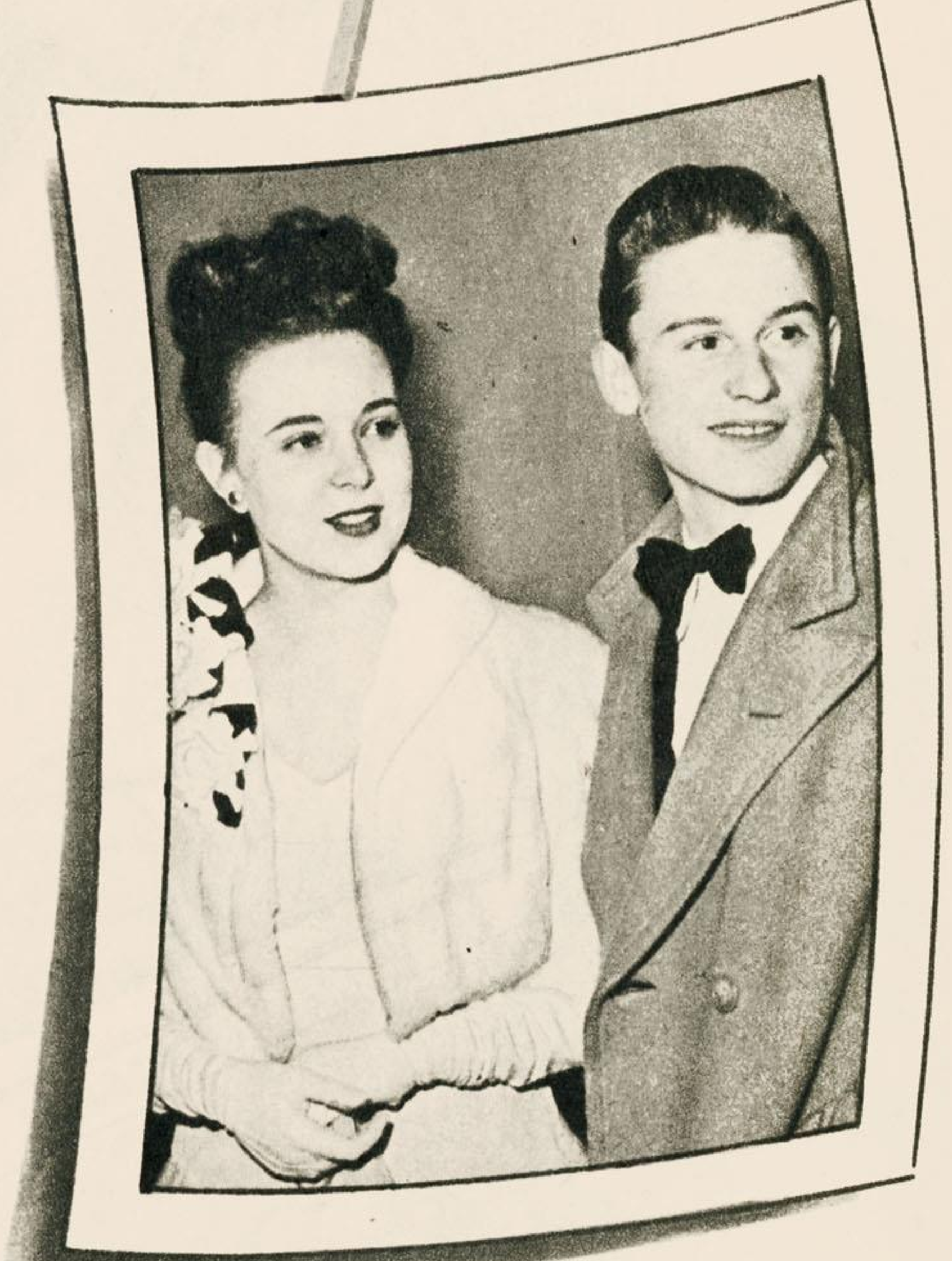
Roddy and I are both seventeen, and we sat next to each other in school at 20th Century-Fox Studios. Roddy is a very interesting boy, and very popular with everyone at the studio. I have been to his house to swimming parties twice, but this was the first time he had asked me for a date.

"Farley Granger is home now and out of the service," Roddy said the next day. "If it's all right with you we will double-date with Farley (*Continued on page* 50)

Here's Her! Hazel Dawn, Jr., 20th Century-Fox teen-age actress whose last picture was "Margie", whose current interest is Roddy.



Here's Him! Master McDowall, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star of "Holiday in Mexico", is a charming companion, an enviable escort.



Here's Them—and more of Them—Ann Blyth and Farley Granger, who double-dated with Hazel and Rod. A good time was had by all!

Sometimes first love proves coziest after all... 'specially when that truesome twosome Jeanie and Coby get together again...

JEANIE
Louise Altson

Flashbulbs popped all around them. Jeanie smiled broadly for the photographers.

WINNING MODEL...

by Maxine Shore

JEANIE PARISH sat in one of the back booths at *Stiffy's*, staring into the glass of water in front of her. If only it were a crystal ball, then maybe she could see into the future. A little shiver of excitement trembled down her spine. The front door opened, admitting a whirl of fragrant air. Jeanie looked up, heart leaping in anticipation. But it was only Linda and Frank. Linda caught sight of her, and they came crowding into the booth, laughing and chattering.

"Where's Coby?" asked Linda.

Jeanie shrugged. "How should I know? Probably home working on his everlasting model planes. We're not Siamese twins, after all." There was a pause. Then Linda said slowly. "It was just that I wanted to see him about Field Day decorations. He's committee chairman, you know."

"So, thank heavens, we're going to have a real he-man Buck Rogers motif," said Frank. "Planes, gliders, helicopters, rocket ships—"

"Wonderful," said Jeanie politely.

"What did you order?" asked Linda, pouncing on a menu.

"Haven't yet," said Jeanie, carefully. "You see—I'm waiting for someone."

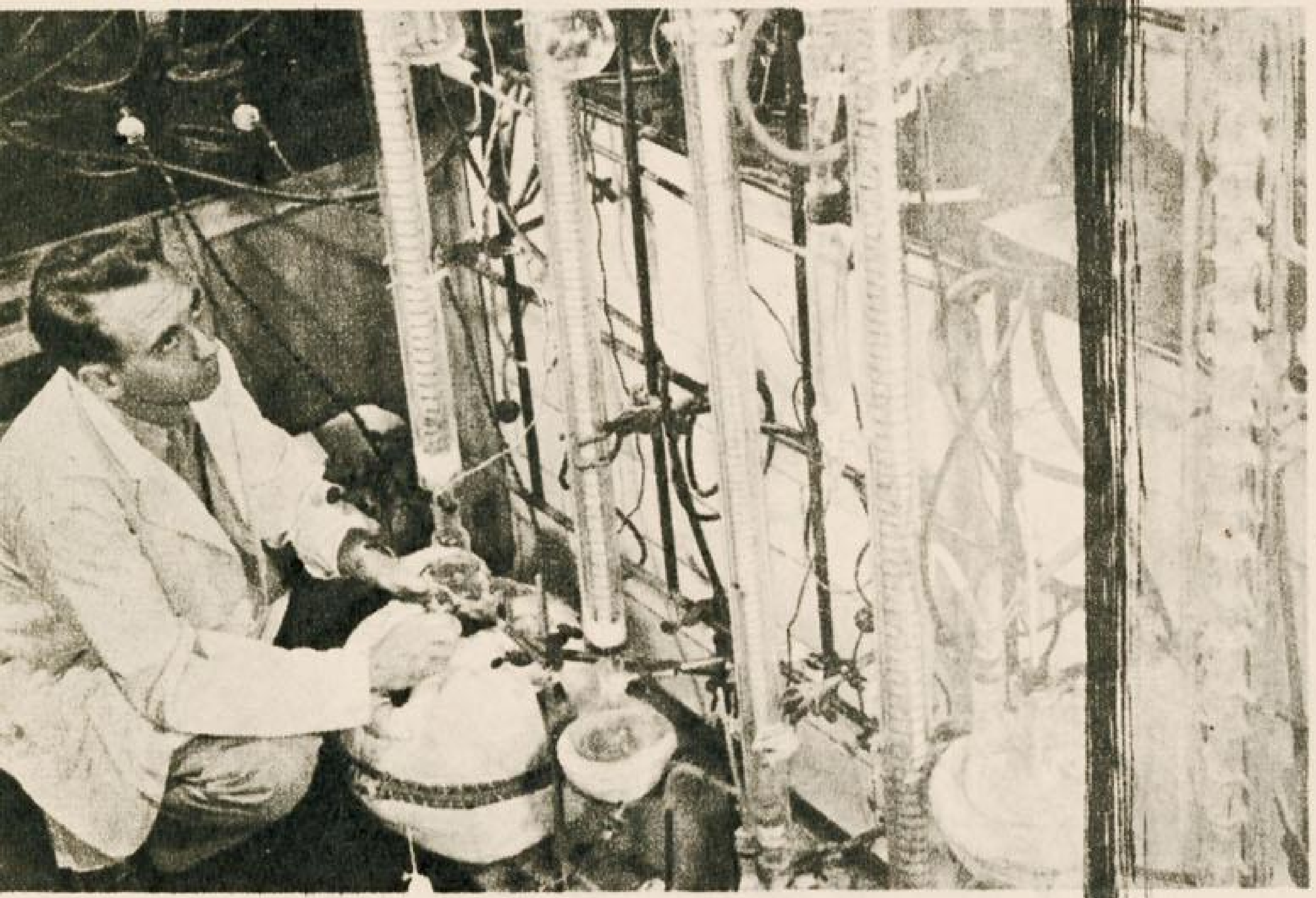
They were looking at her questioningly when the front door swung open again—and there he was! Tall, dark and oh-so-smooth. Jeanie's heart somersaulted.

"Hey, there's Del Lamberton, and without a girl," said Linda. "I can't believe it—"

(*Continued on page 58*)

From the pre-historic to the super-terrific . . . proving again, the Wonders of Science!

man-made miracles . . .



Years of careful research are behind every new fabric released.

Each is born under the all-revealing powerful microscope.

Expert hands blend expert qualities into expert fabrics.

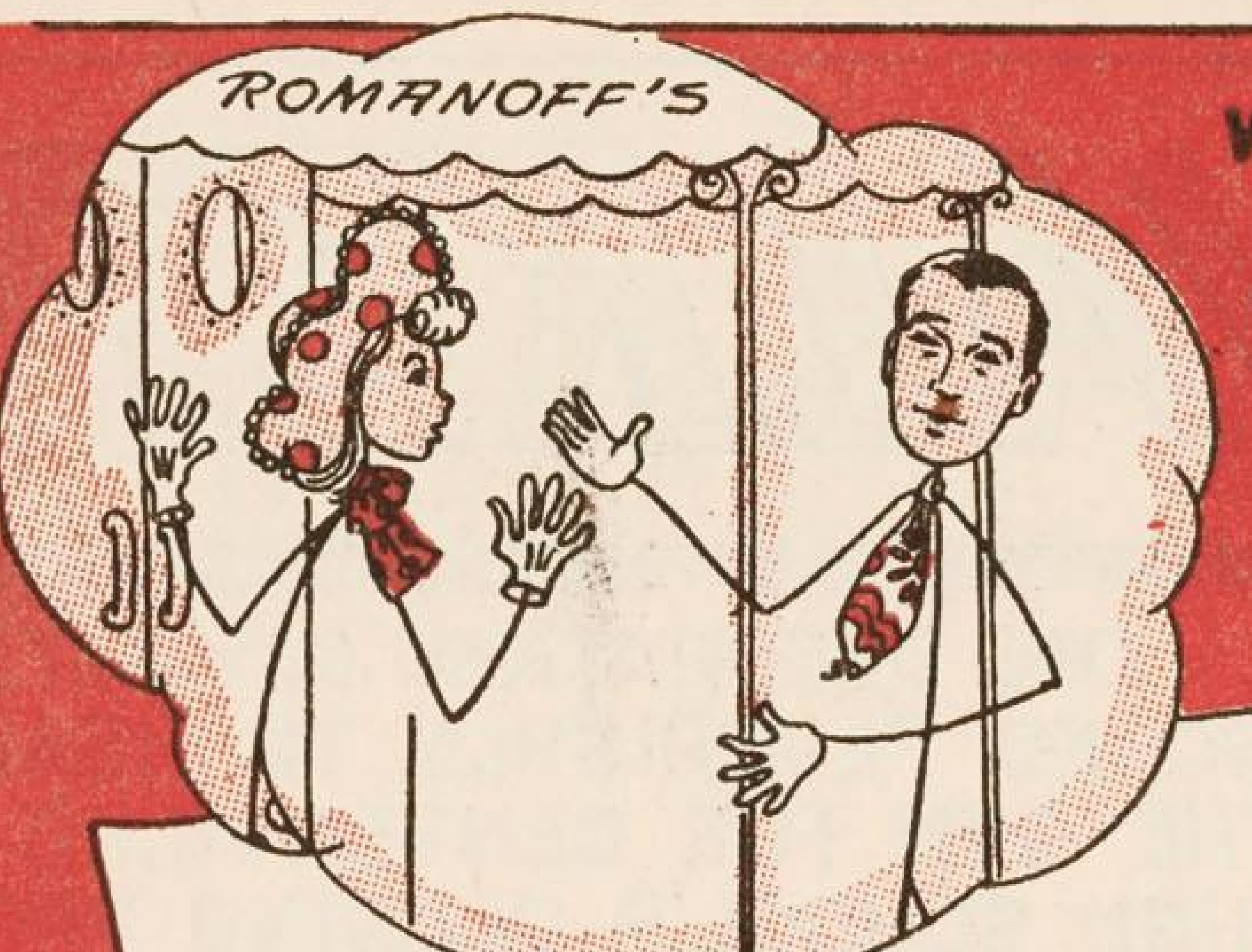
by annette blackman

■ Once upon a time . . . there was a huge, large-pawed, grunting hulk of masculine gender called Neanderthal Man. His forehead receded, his chest did not, and his IQ would throw no great fright into any one of the Quiz Kids. His food was not pressure-cooked, his home not interior-decorated, and his clothes only an elaboration of Adam-ic fig-leaf fads of earlier days. Definitely an up-hep character . . .

That, as we said, was once upon a time. But today, we Nea's great-great-great-great-great (and so many etc.'s) grandchildren, together with another great, grand, child, Time, have produced a terrific twin offspring; Science and Progress. Today, old Nea would grunt an astonished "ugh" at the way in which we've made scientific discovery work for us—his squinty eyes would pop open at the many, many products coming out of test-tubes to make living more comfortable, working more enjoyable; the *abra-cadabra* compounded in blinding white labs, to make new vaccines, body-building nutrients, energy to keep cities a-light for indefinite periods—and, as the experts of Monsanto Chemical Company just uncovered after years of research—a fabric to resist wrinkles and shrinkage—and yet is washable with longer life.

Yes, "something new will be added" when Resloom becomes part of a fabric (woolens, rayons, cottons). And to tell us just how, we'll borrow one of those white-coated young men a-top the page . . . "Resloom penetrates to the heart of the fiber," he says, scientifically speaking, "to add new life- (*Continued on page* 63)

VICKY FINDS HERSELF ADOPTED BY WALTER PIDGEON, NO LESS! A PERFECTLY WONDERFUL DREAM COME TRUE, UNTIL . . .



Dear Betty Ann—

Hollywood, Calif.

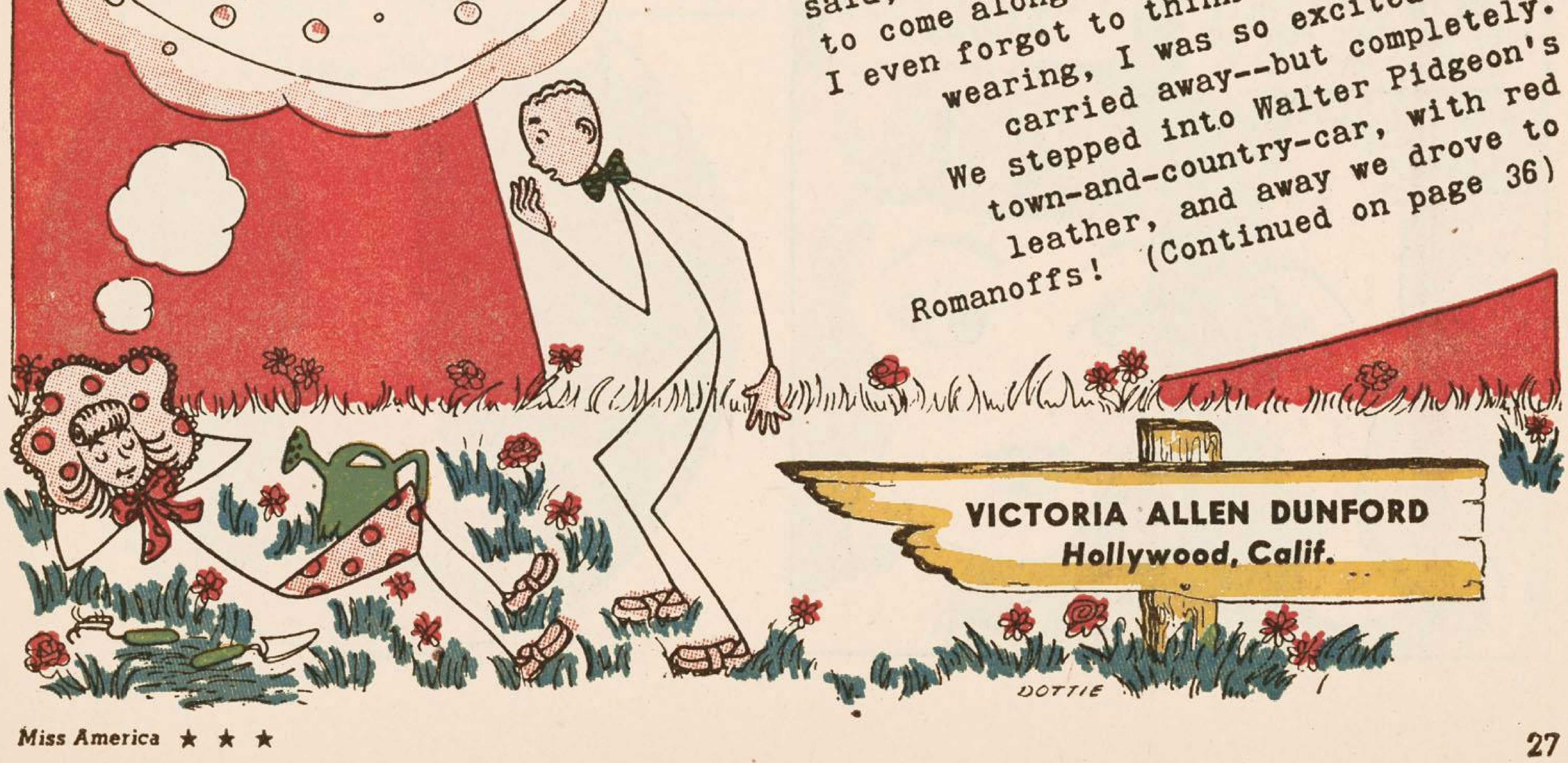
Did you ever stop to think and to wonder if you really belonged to your father and mother --or were you adopted!

Maybe you're an heiress! Maybe some day, like this afternoon when I was weeding the petunia bed, such boresome stuff--why, you suddenly discover that you're not *you* at all.

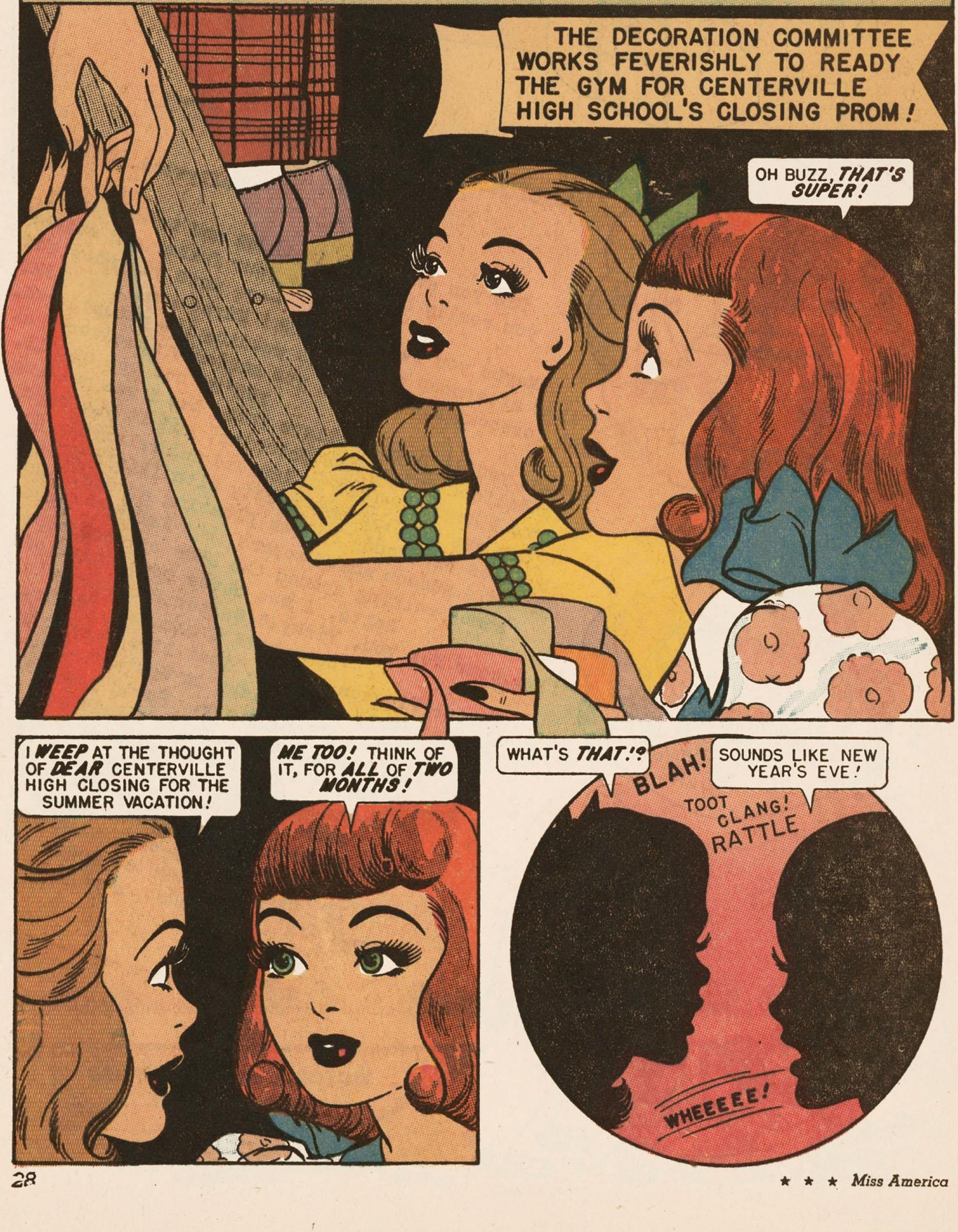
Betts, you'll never believe this, but I was pulling dandelions out of the petunias, and it was warm, and I began to feel so languid and relaxed. The sky was so blue and pretty with little fleecy bundles of clouds lazily floating around. And all of a sudden what happens, but Walter Pidgeon comes walking around the side of our house! Betts, I was never more startled! "I've come for you, Vicky!" Walter Pidgeon said. "But why?" I managed somehow.

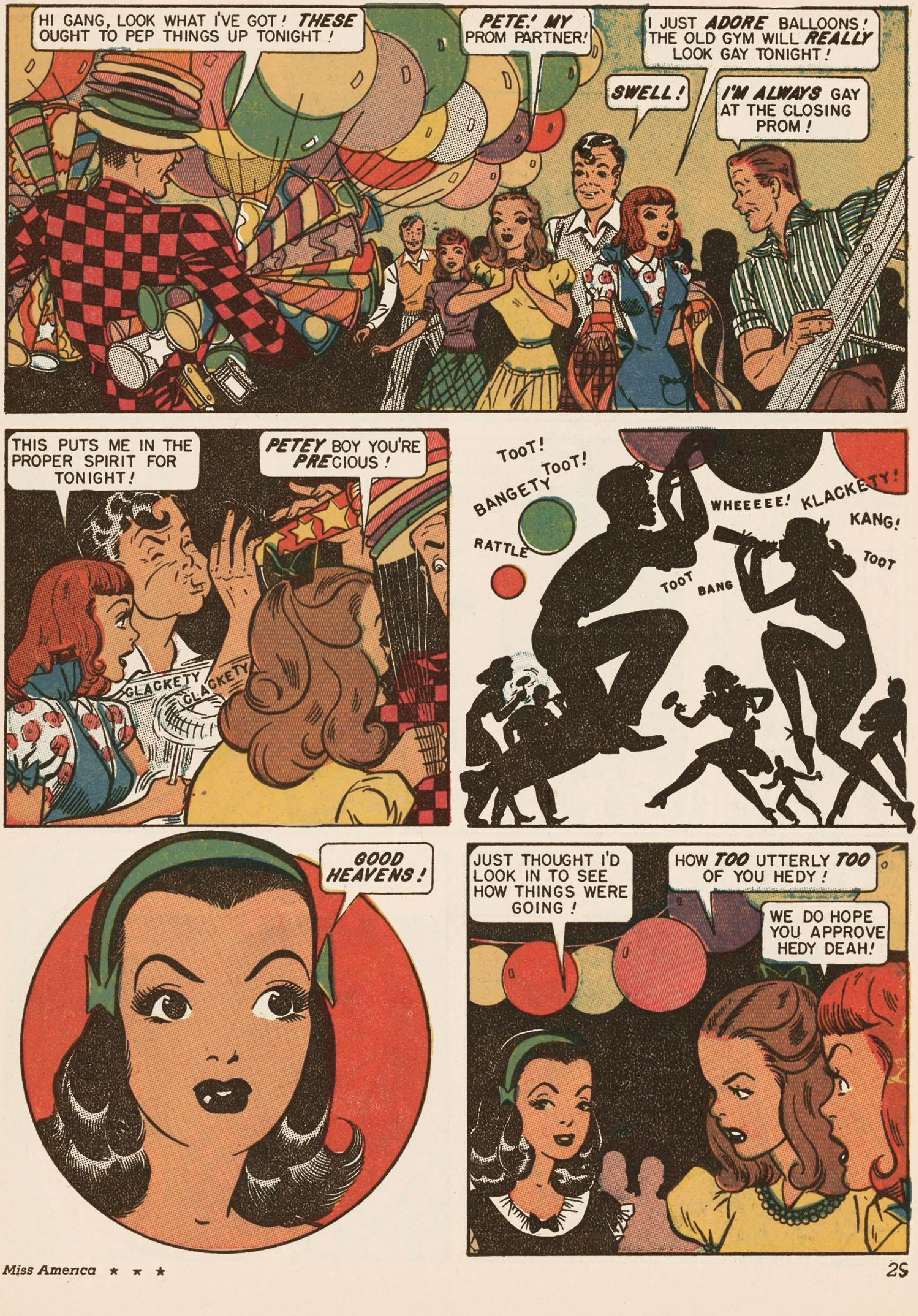
Walter Pidgeon smiled, just like he did at Janie Powell in "Holiday in Mexico" -- and said, "It's a long story. How'd you like to come along with me while I tell you?" I even forgot to think about what I was wearing, I was so excited and so carried away--but completely. We stepped into Walter Pidgeon's town-and-country-car, with red leather, and away we drove to Romanoffs!

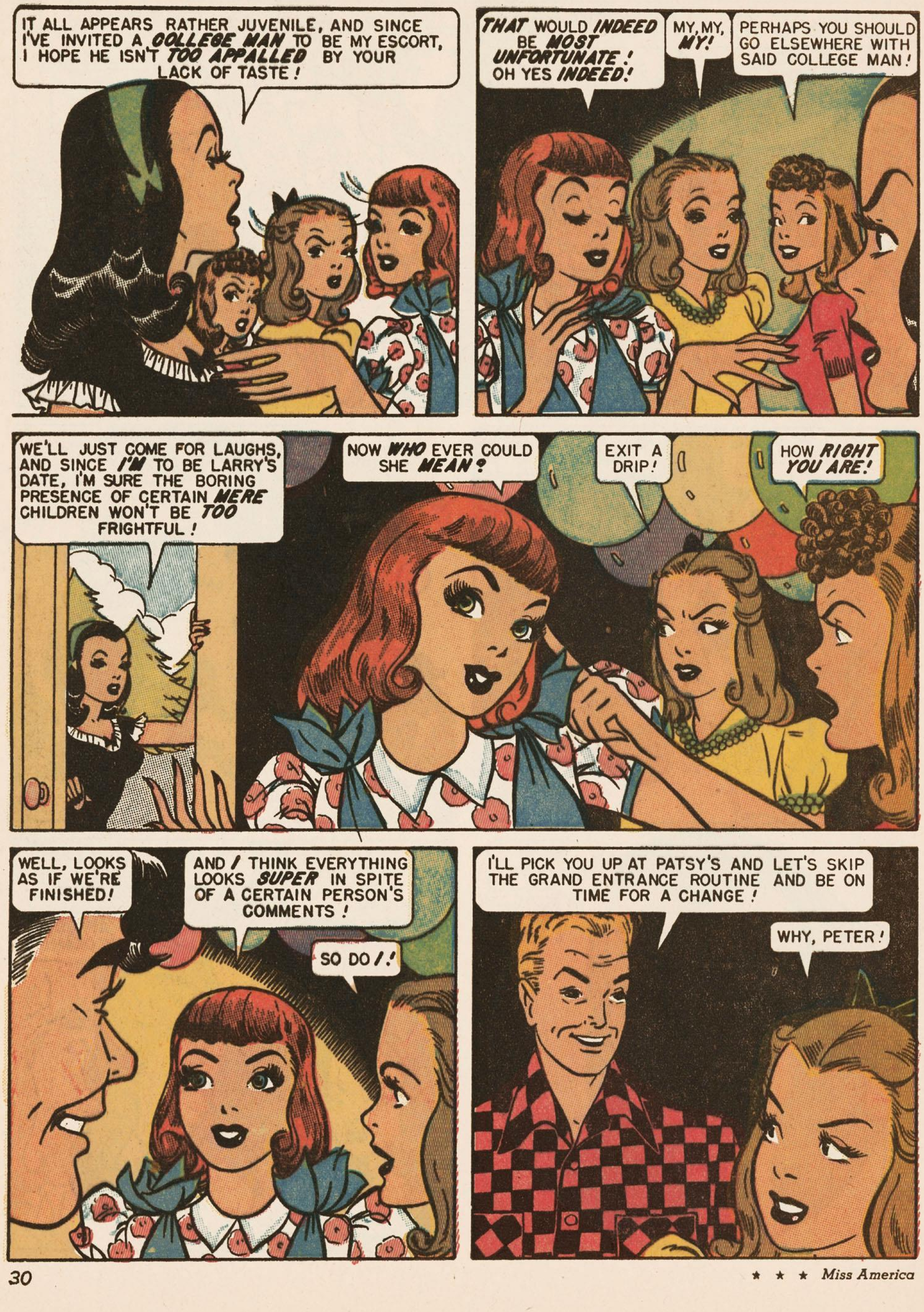
(Continued on page 36)

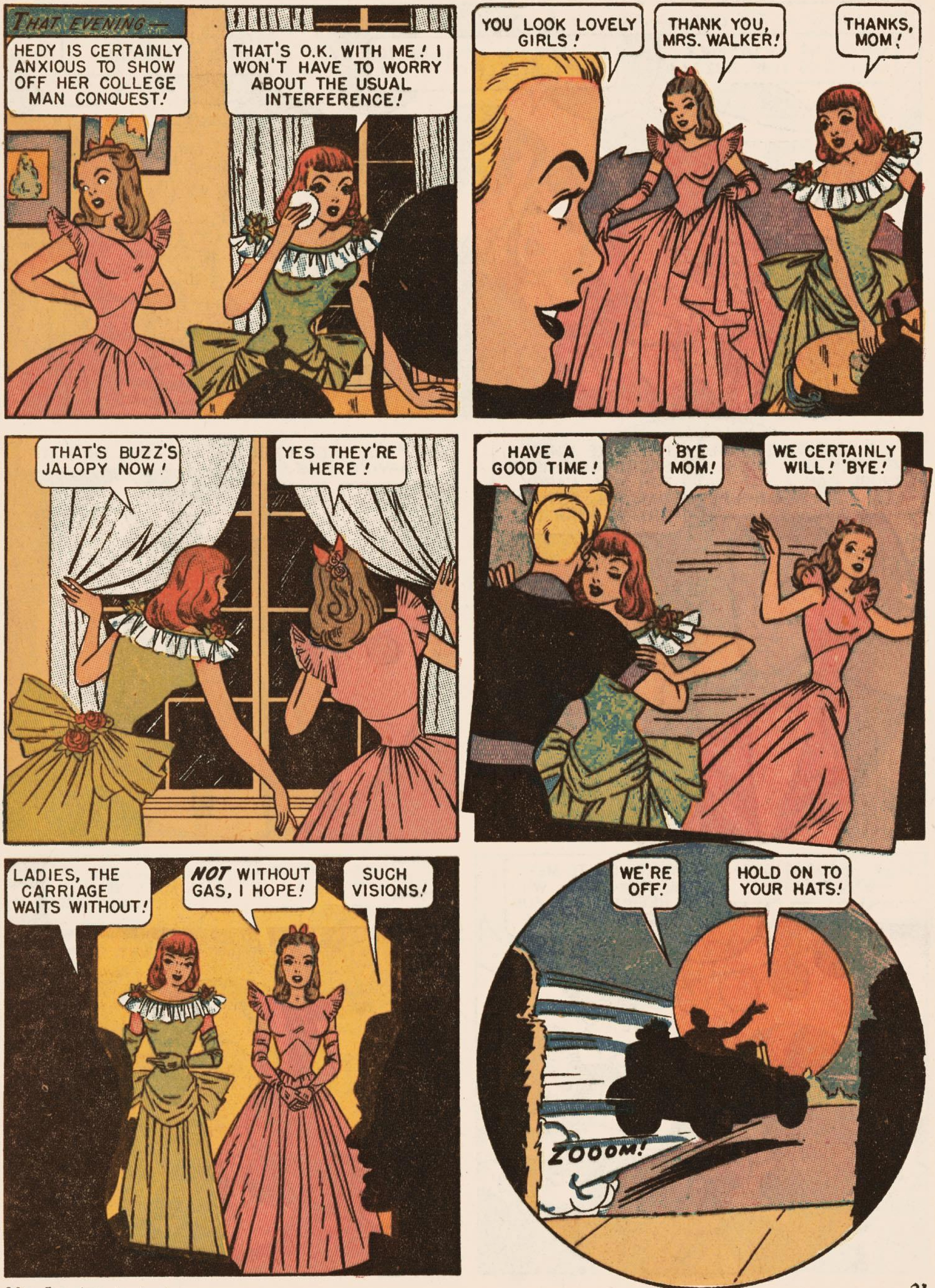


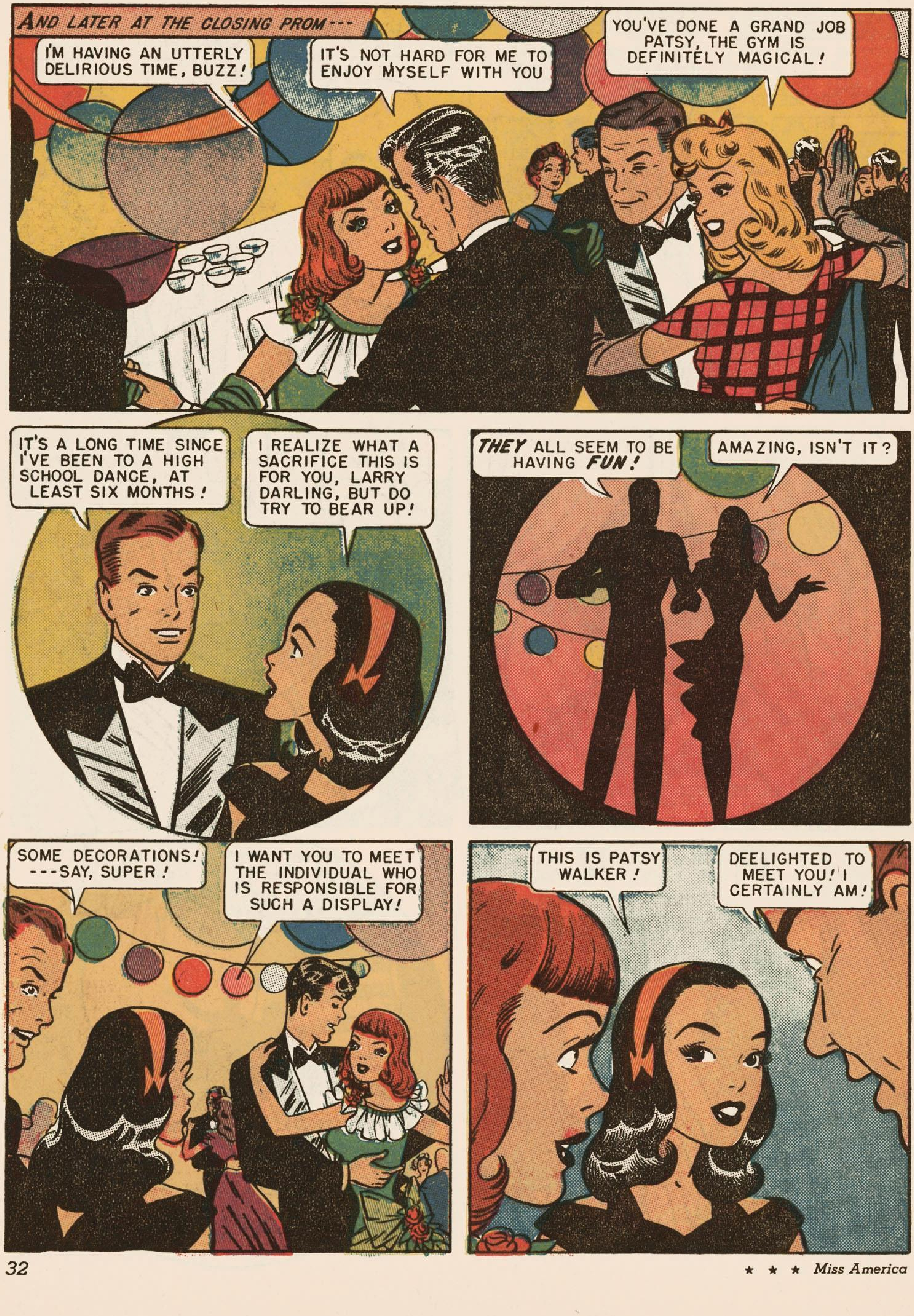
PATSY WALKER

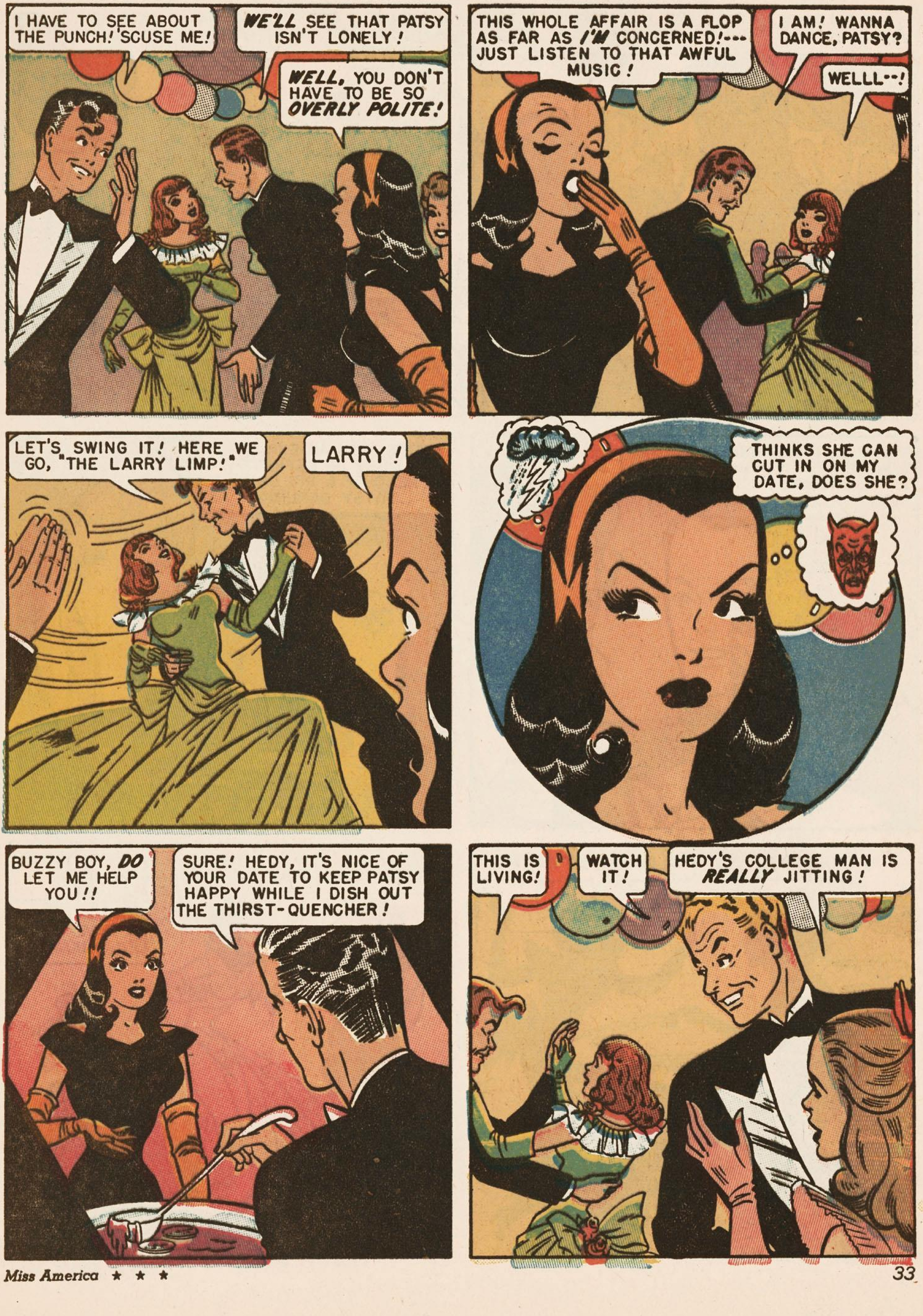

THE DECORATION COMMITTEE WORKS FEVERISHLY TO READY THE GYM FOR CENTERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL'S CLOSING PROM!
OH BUZZ, THAT'S SUPER!
I WEEP AT THE THOUGHT OF DEAR CENTERVILLE HIGH CLOSING FOR THE SUMMER VACATION!
ME TOO! THINK OF IT, FOR ALL OF TWO MONTHS!
WHAT'S THAT!?
BLAH!
SOUNDS LIKE NEW YEAR'S EVE!
TOOT
CLANG!
RATTLE
WHEEEEE!

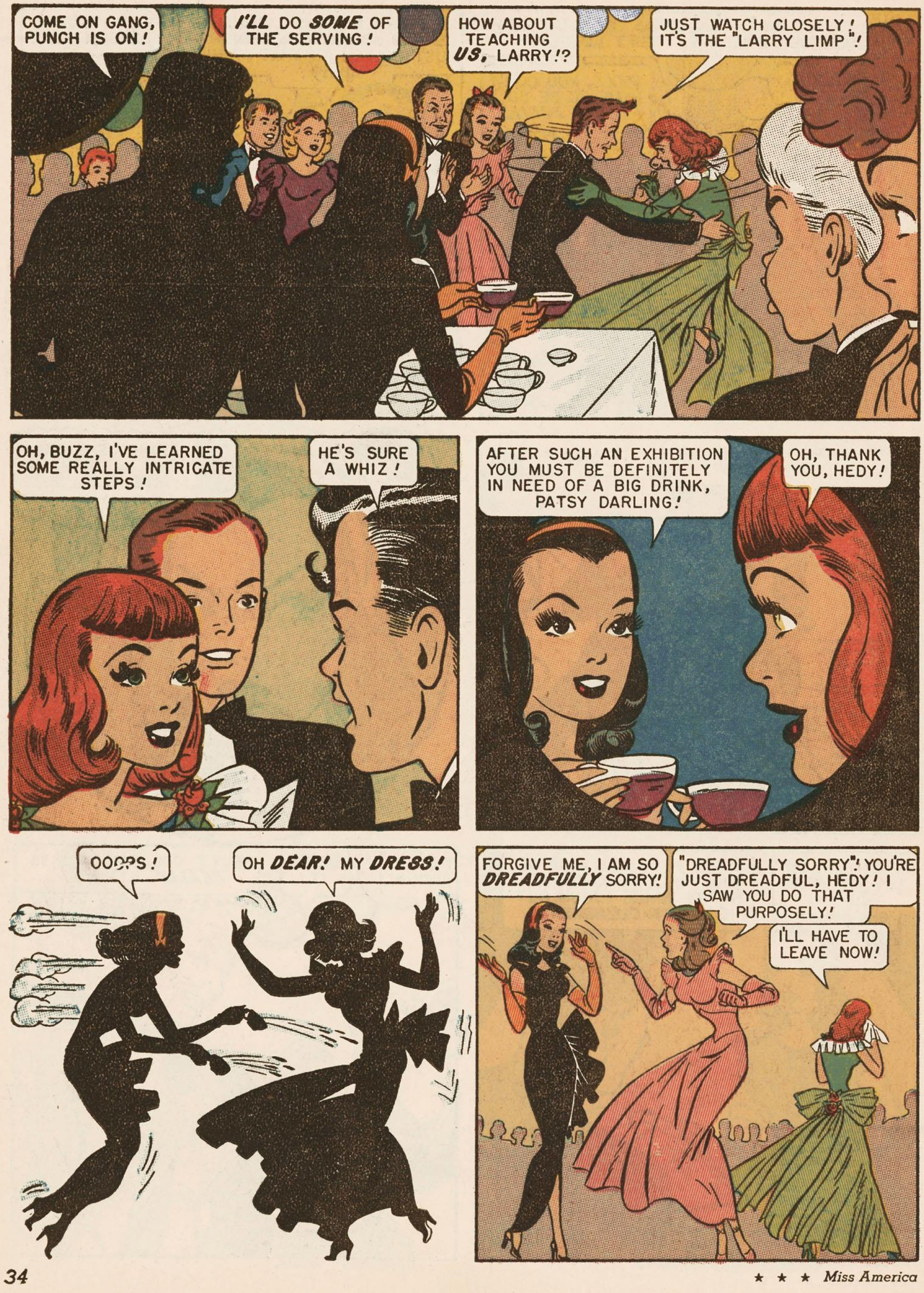

HI GANG, LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT! THESE OUGHT TO PEP THINGS UP TONIGHT!
PETE! MY PROM PARTNER!
I JUST ADORE BALLOONS! THE OLD GYM WILL REALLY LOOK GAY TONIGHT!
SWELL!
I'M ALWAYS GAY AT THE CLOSING PROM!
THIS PUTS ME IN THE PROPER SPIRIT FOR TONIGHT!
PETEY BOY YOU'RE PRECIOUS!
CLACKETY
CLACKETY
TOOT!
TOOT!
BANGETY
WHEEEEE!
KLACKETY!
KANG!
RATTLE
TOOT
BANG
TOOT
GOOD HEAVENS!
JUST THOUGHT I'D LOOK IN TO SEE HOW THINGS WERE GOING!
HOW TOO UTTERLY TOO OF YOU HEDY!
WE DO HOPE YOU APPROVE HEDY DEAH!

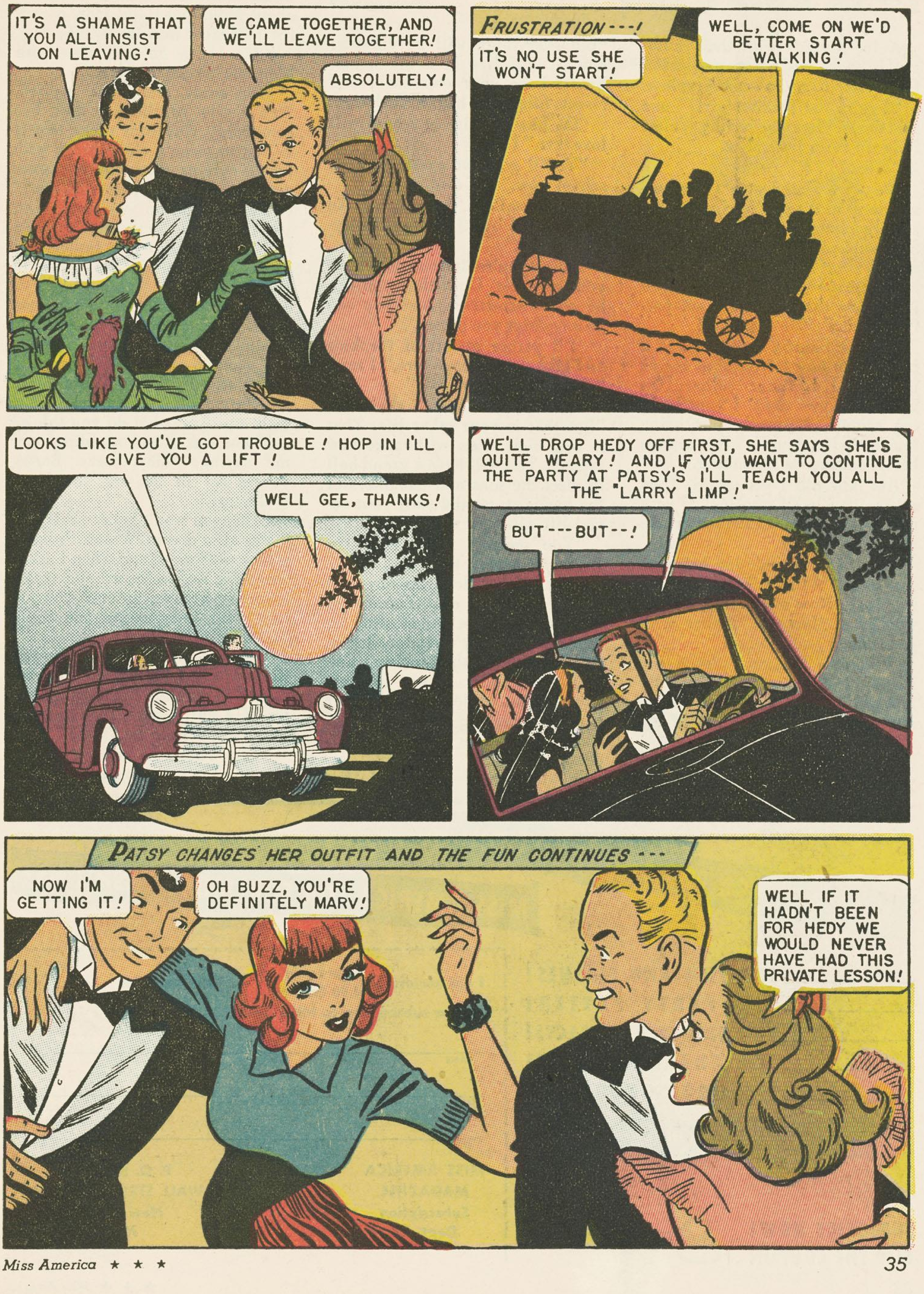

IT ALL APPEARS RATHER JUVENILE, AND SINCE I'VE INVITED A *COLLEGE MAN* TO BE MY ESCORT, I HOPE HE ISN'T *TOO APPALLED* BY YOUR LACK OF TASTE!
THAT WOULD *INDEED* BE *MOST UNFORTUNATE!* OH YES *INDEED!*
MY, MY, *MY!*
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD GO ELSEWHERE WITH SAID COLLEGE MAN!
WE'LL JUST COME FOR LAUGHS, AND SINCE *I'M* TO BE LARRY'S DATE, I'M SURE THE BORING PRESENCE OF CERTAIN *MERE* CHILDREN WON'T BE *TOO* FRIGHTFUL!
NOW *WHO* EVER COULD SHE *MEAN?*
EXIT A DRIP!
HOW *RIGHT YOU ARE!*
WELL, LOOKS AS IF WE'RE FINISHED!
AND *I* THINK EVERYTHING LOOKS *SUPER* IN SPITE OF A CERTAIN PERSON'S COMMENTS!
SO DO *I!*
I'LL PICK YOU UP AT PATSY'S AND LET'S SKIP THE GRAND ENTRANCE ROUTINE AND BE ON TIME FOR A CHANGE!
WHY, PETER!


THAT EVENING—
HEDY IS CERTAINLY ANXIOUS TO SHOW OFF HER COLLEGE MAN CONQUEST!
THAT'S O.K. WITH ME! I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE USUAL INTERFERENCE!
YOU LOOK LOVELY GIRLS!
THANK YOU, MRS. WALKER!
THANKS, MOM!
THAT'S BUZZ'S JALOPY NOW!
YES THEY'RE HERE!
HAVE A GOOD TIME!
'BYE MOM!
WE CERTAINLY WILL! 'BYE!
LADIES, THE CARRIAGE WAITS WITHOUT!
NOT WITHOUT GAS, I HOPE!
SUCH VISIONS!
WE'RE OFF!
HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS!
ZOOOM!


AND LATER AT THE CLOSING PROM---
I'M HAVING AN UTTERLY DELIRIOUS TIME, BUZZ!
IT'S NOT HARD FOR ME TO ENJOY MYSELF WITH YOU
YOU'VE DONE A GRAND JOB PATSY, THE GYM IS DEFINITELY MAGICAL!
IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN TO A HIGH SCHOOL DANCE, AT LEAST SIX MONTHS!
I REALIZE WHAT A SACRIFICE THIS IS FOR YOU, LARRY DARLING, BUT DO TRY TO BEAR UP!
THEY ALL SEEM TO BE HAVING FUN!
AMAZING, ISN'T IT?
SOME DECORATIONS! ---SAY, SUPER!
I WANT YOU TO MEET THE INDIVIDUAL WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR SUCH A DISPLAY!
THIS IS PATSY WALKER!
DEELIGHTED TO MEET YOU! I CERTAINLY AM!


I HAVE TO SEE ABOUT THE PUNCH! 'SCUSE ME!
WE'LL SEE THAT PATSY ISN'T LONELY!
WELL, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SO **OVERLY POLITE!**
THIS WHOLE AFFAIR IS A FLOP AS FAR AS **I'M** CONCERNED!--- JUST LISTEN TO THAT AWFUL MUSIC!
I AM! WANNA DANCE, PATSY?
WELLL--!
LET'S SWING IT! HERE WE GO, "THE LARRY LIMP!"
LARRY!
THINKS SHE CAN CUT IN ON MY DATE, DOES SHE?
BUZZY BOY, **DO** LET ME HELP YOU!!
SURE! HEDY, IT'S NICE OF YOUR DATE TO KEEP PATSY HAPPY WHILE I DISH OUT THE THIRST-QUENCHER!
THIS IS LIVING!
WATCH IT!
HEDY'S COLLEGE MAN IS **REALLY** JITTING!


COME ON GANG, PUNCH IS ON!
I'LL DO SOME OF THE SERVING!
HOW ABOUT TEACHING US, LARRY!?
JUST WATCH CLOSELY! IT'S THE "LARRY LIMP"!
OH, BUZZ, I'VE LEARNED SOME REALLY INTRICATE STEPS!
HE'S SURE A WHIZ!
AFTER SUCH AN EXHIBITION YOU MUST BE DEFINITELY IN NEED OF A BIG DRINK, PATSY DARLING!
OH, THANK YOU, HEDY!
OOOPS!
OH DEAR! MY DRESS!
FORGIVE ME, I AM SO DREADFULLY SORRY!
"DREADFULLY SORRY"! YOU'RE JUST DREADFUL, HEDY! I SAW YOU DO THAT PURPOSELY!
I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE NOW!


IT'S A SHAME THAT YOU ALL INSIST ON LEAVING!
WE CAME TOGETHER, AND WE'LL LEAVE TOGETHER!
ABSOLUTELY!
FRUSTRATION---!
IT'S NO USE SHE WON'T START!
WELL, COME ON WE'D BETTER START WALKING!
LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT TROUBLE! HOP IN I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT!
WELL GEE, THANKS!
WE'LL DROP HEDY OFF FIRST, SHE SAYS SHE'S QUITE WEARY! AND IF YOU WANT TO CONTINUE THE PARTY AT PATSY'S I'LL TEACH YOU ALL THE "LARRY LIMP!"
BUT---BUT--!
PATSY CHANGES HER OUTFIT AND THE FUN CONTINUES---
NOW I'M GETTING IT!
OH BUZZ, YOU'RE DEFINITELY MARV!
WELL, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HEDY WE WOULD NEVER HAVE HAD THIS PRIVATE LESSON!

DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 27

A lot of kids with their autograph books rushed up and asked for Walter Pidgeon's autograph.

"You're the luckiest girl!" one said to me. "Imagine having Walter Pidgeon for a father!"

"What????"

We were seated at a table outside, and next to us sat Greer Garson lunching with some people. She winked at Walter Pidgeon, and Walter stood up and bowed his acknowledgment. Wouldn't you just know that he would act perfectly wonderful like that!

Frankie Sinatra walked in, in a breeze, his bow tie twice as big as usual and brilliant yellow. On Frankie it was okay. I kept looking around. Naturally just being inside of Romanoff's after always being outside, is something.

But how did I get there? Then a beautiful lady, who looked very much like Joan Crawford, came over to our table.

"So you're the missing heiress," she said. "What a lucky girl—to be found. Now everything will be wonderful. Imagine Walter Pidgeon being your father!"

"What — Walter Pidgeon my Pop?" I exclaimed. I hurriedly lowered my voice because everyone was looking from all of the other tables.

"You've been lost all of these years," my Fairy Godmother said. "But everything will be different now. You'll live in a big house. You'll have your own maid and closets filled with beautiful clothes.

"Oh how the kids at school will love that," I said.

"You'll go to an exclusive girls school now," she said.

Somehow Betts, that didn't make me happy. I like the kids at Hollywood High.

"When you're sixteen you'll have your own car. Until then you can be chauffeur-driven, and you can go anywhere you please."

"I'll gather up all of the kids and take them everywhere," I said. "They'll be so thrilled!"

"I'm sorry Vicky," she said, "But that is your other life. That is over now. You will make new friends. You will have a grand ball to meet the sons and daughters of the movie stars, and start your social life all anew with them."

"You mean I won't even see Rusty Bramwell, the Third?"

"That's right dear, because now you're somebody else. You are an heiress. You were stolen away by kidnappers. They abandoned you, and your real father couldn't find you until now. Your parents adopted you, while your real father has been looking for you all of these years. You're like Cinderella," she said.

It all seemed wonderful. But Betts, somehow I kept thinking about Mom and Pops. How dreadful they'd feel, how lonely they'd be.

"But I can go and visit with Mom and Pops!" I said.

"I'm sorry, but," she replied, "it's better to dismiss that life completely. Statistics prove that it is best to make a clean break with foster parents when the real ones are reunited with their children!"

Walter Pidgeon was so elegant, just like he was in the movies when he was Janie Powell's father. We drove home to his big house in Beverly Hills. A butler greeted us and took me upstairs to my own suite. Betts, it was all done in white organdy and rose chintz—so cute.

I went to sleep and I dreamed that I was so lonesome for Mom and Pops and for Rusty, that I woke right up. And what do you think?

There was Rusty standing over me saying, "Hey, Lazy Bones, you've sat in the sun too long. Wake up!"

Betts, you won't believe this, but it was all a dream. Walter Pidgeon wasn't my father, and when I asked mom if I were adopted and really a missing heiress, she said, "Vicky, with your imagination you could be anything!"

Betts, has it ever occurred to you that you might be an adopted child? Maybe the long-lost daughter of a millionaire, searching all over the world to find you?

Your ever loving friend,
Vicky

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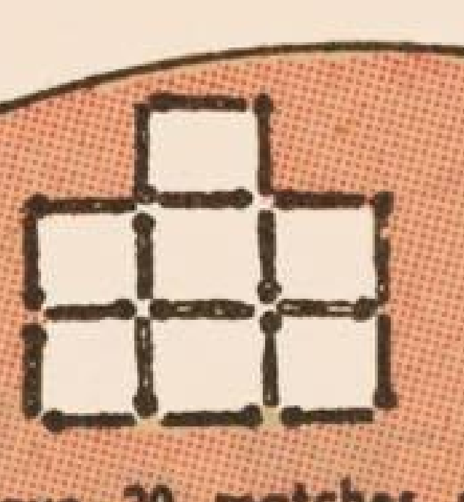
MATCHING THE TRIANGLES



Here we have 20 matches arranged to form 7 squares. Two larger squares are also found here. The problem is to remove a required number of matches and leave a certain number of squares with nothing left over. In each case the squares left must touch.

Item	Number of Matches to be removed	Number of Squares to be left	
1	1	6	
2	2	6	
3	2	5	
4	3	6	
5	3	5	
6	4	5	4 ways
7	4	4	
8	5	5	
9	5	4	
10	6	4	
11	6	3	2 ways
12	7	4	3 ways
13	7	3	
14	8	3	
15	9	3	
16	9	2	
18	12	3	
17	10	2	
19	12	1	
20	13	2	

WHAT WITH U AND E?

Each dash represents a letter in a word ending in UE. How many of these words can you fill in with the aid of the definitions alongside? Ten is good; more is better.

– – U E	COLOR
– – U E	HINT
– – U E	VERITABLE
– – U E	VOMIT
– – U E	CHIMNEY
– – U E	CAST ABOUT
– – U E	MUCILAGE
– – U E	FEVER
– – – U E	PIGTAIL
– – – U E	ENDOW
– – – U E	VILLAIN
– – – U E	BRIMLESS BONNET
– – – U E	IRRITATION
– – – U E	DEBATE
– – – U E	EMERGE
– – – U E	FOLLOW
– – – U E	PLACE OF TRIAL
– – – U E	WORTH
– – – U E	MUSICAL FORM
– – – U E	ABSORB; INSTIL
– – – – U E	WIDE THOROUGHFARE
– – – – U E	DELIVERANCE
– – – – U E	IRISH DIALECT
– – – – U E	SALACIOUS
– – – – U E	COTERIE

MINUTE MYSTERY No. 35

During a history examination at the Bristaw High School Miss Devine, the proctor in charge, had occasion several times to leave the examination room for a few minutes.

On reviewing the papers handed in, a suspicion arose that three of the girls, whom we shall call Agnes, Bella, and Charlotte, had collaborated in their answers during these brief intervals. Their case looked bad because of the similarity of their work and because they had sat together during the examination.

Dr. Roberts, the principal, was anxious to know who had copied from whom. Playing Sherlock he studied particularly the girls' replies to one set of questions. We give below a tabulation of these questions and the replies of the three girls. Can you infer from these who copied from whom?

No.	Question	Agnes	Bella	Charlotte
1	Who defeated Hannibal in Battle of Zama, 202 B.C.?	Publius Scipie called Africanus	Publius Scipie Africanus	Publius Scipie called Africanus
2	Who razed Carthage, and in what year?	Africanus; 146	Scipio Africanus	Africanus
3	When was Caesar assassinated?	44 B. C.	44 B. C.	44 B. C.
4	In what year and under what name was Octavius proclaimed Emperor?	27 B. C.; Augustus Caesar	27 B. C.; Augustus Caesar	27 B. C.; Augustus Caesar
5	Emperor Antoninus who reigned 204-222 was also called what?	Elagabelus	Areogabolus	Areogabolus
6	Who took Rome in 410?	Alaric	Alaric	Alaric the Goth
7	Who was "The Scourge of God?"	Attila	Attila, King of the Huns	Attila, King of the Huns
8	When was Charlemagne made Emperor of the West, and who crowned him?	800; the Pope	800; Pope Lee III.	800; Pope Lee III.
9	What was the year of the Great Schism?	1375	1350	1375
10	When was Michelangelo born?	1475	1570	1475

AN OVERWORKED VOWEL

The following sequence of letters will make sense if but a single vowel be properly interspersed between them. Can you accomplish that without getting a headache?

THSCRTDDRVNGD

BTWNTHM, THR

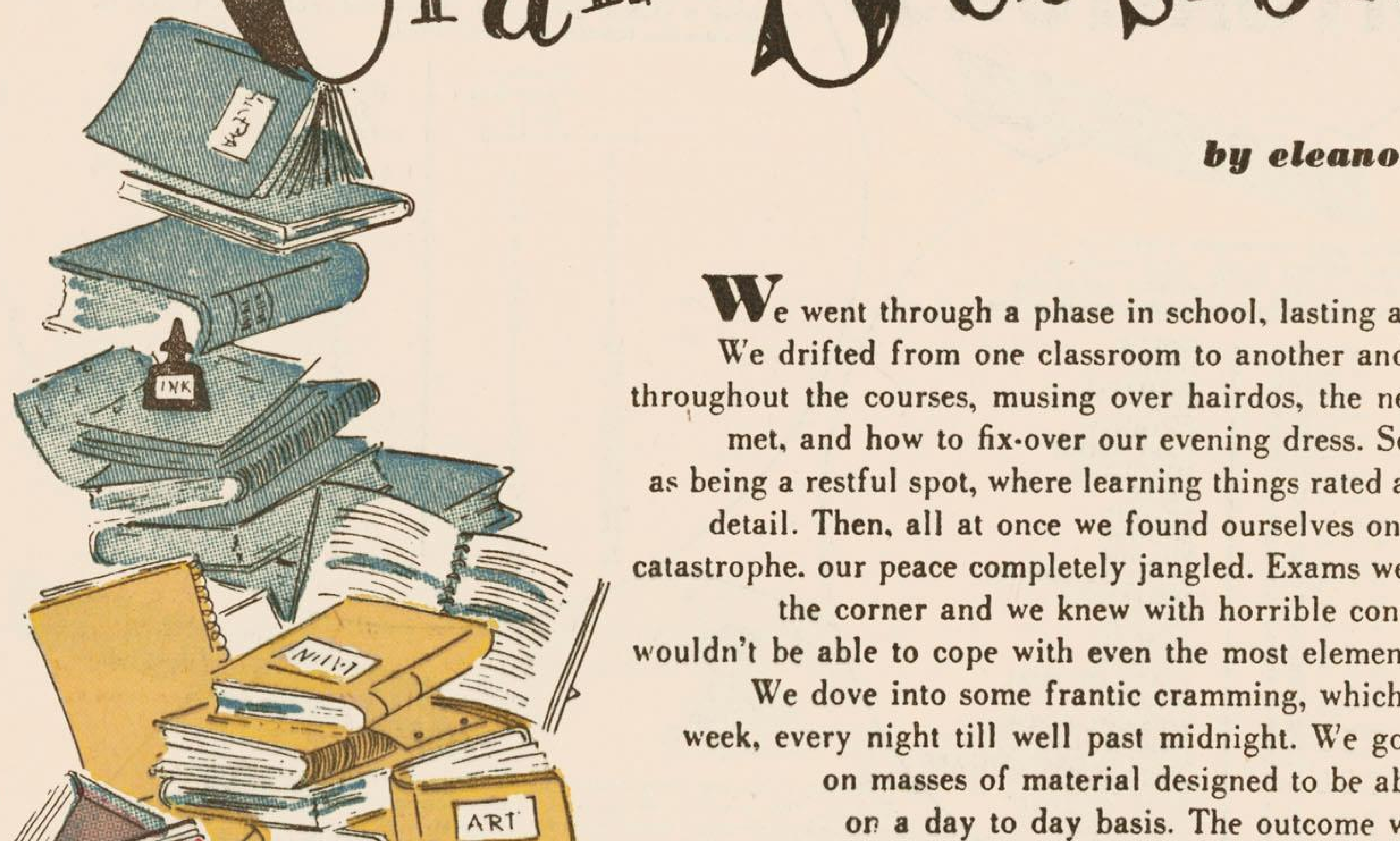
NVRMRGD.

Answers on page 39

Does the prospect of exams throw you into a tizzy of anxiety? Prepared or unprepared, here's a plan to settle the jangled nerve; stay the fluttering heart . . .

Cram Session...

by eleanor hiteshew



We went through a phase in school, lasting all of one term. We drifted from one classroom to another and sat trancelike throughout the courses, musing over hairdos, the newest boy we'd met, and how to fix-over our evening dress. School struck us as being a restful spot, where learning things rated as only a minor detail. Then, all at once we found ourselves on the verge of a catastrophe, our peace completely jangled. Exams were just around the corner and we knew with horrible conviction that we wouldn't be able to cope with even the most elementary questions. We dove into some frantic cramming, which went on for a week, every night till well past midnight. We gorged ourselves on masses of material designed to be absorbed slowly, on a day to day basis. The outcome was dreary, but the lesson learned was something stupendous.

The prospect of exams curdles most everybody like a fingernail running down a blackboard, and there's no point pretending otherwise. Anxiety sets in even for the most diligent of students. But for those who've been bumbling along vaguely, they spell unadulterated disaster. In either case the crisis can be eased by a sturdy systematic approach.

Let's say your hours in the classroom have been like water running off a duck's back. You have the haziest grasp of anything that's occurred; you've asked no questions along the way to clear up baffling points; you have no notes to study because you've taken no notes. But just the same, out of the depressing total of subjects on which you feel shaky, there is always one which stars as the most precarious of all. First of all, dish up a blueprint for studying, slicing up the calendar time that's left into subject and alloting the biggest chunk to your worst course. When that's organized, dig in on your review. If first you read through a chapter in your history book as if it were a novel, you're liable to get a better overall picture that hangs together than if you start by pouncing on all dates and desperately trying to memorize them. Anyway, once you've given the text that kind of a run-through, you're ready to break down what's what into more detail. List the chapter headings, then divisions in each chapter. You'll bump into some that offhand just don't register, but before you can label your review finished, every item on your list must have lost its mystery; your brain should be able to click out all the outstanding facts concerning same. Exam day will prove it is folly to knock yourself out memorizing who designed Napoleon's hat and then pass up the turning point in the American Revolution.

After you've hurdled your reviewing it's a smart move to go in for a dress rehearsal. Usually you can get hold of past exams, and when you do, polish off a couple as homework. If you make a modest showing with these, it's safe to say your reviewing has sunk in. The night before the exam, sleep is of ace importance. If you turn up in the morning feeling groggy from late cramming, chances are almost certain that half the facts you've stashed away will evaporate.

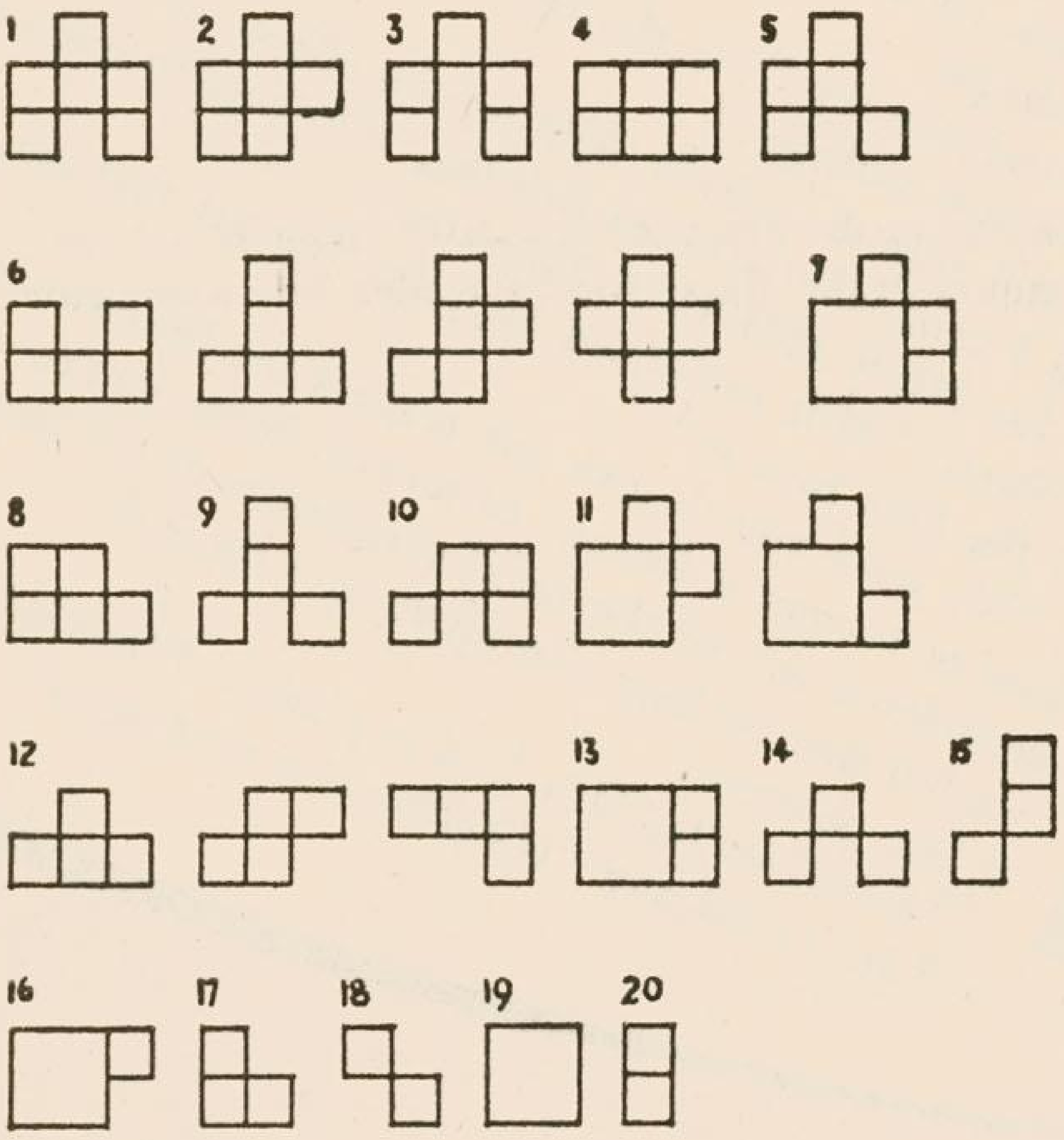
If you've been reasonably attentive all term and haven't saved your homework to do during breakfast, you're nicely set to pass practically anything. But you still need to allow yourself a lazy length of time in which to mull over your notes and textbooks gradually, allowing so much time per subject.

Comes exam day. Comes the jitters too, regardless of how well prepared you are. But once you're located at your desk, lean back and read through the whole business. Be sure you definitely have the drift of each question, because many's the brilliant answer that's been given to an *unasked* query. You are immediately appalled by the third question which counts a staggering number of points. Well, just forget about it until you've handled the ones you do know. Then having accumulated a little self-confidence from smugly knowing you've answered *one* and *five* quite neatly, sidle up to *three* again. It won't look nearly so gruesome, now that some of the initial paralysis has left your brain. Don't lavish too much time on questions that count only a small amount, because the cleverest of answers won't make it count any more. Don't be casual about apparently smaller things like spelling, punctuation, neatness, organization. They can shave precious points off your total. Finally, give the whole business an eagle-eyed once-over before you hand it in. It's surprising how many mistakes you can spot by this final procedure.

Exams may strike you as a fiendish custom invented purely for torture purposes. But quite a fat proportion of your life is spent in school and exams are a final summing up on how much you've gained from that time. If you flop or just barely squeeze through, it's strictly your loss. It's your own time you're squandering and allowing to quietly go down the drain.

PUZZLING SITUATIONS—answers

1. MATCHING THE TRIANGLES



2. U and E

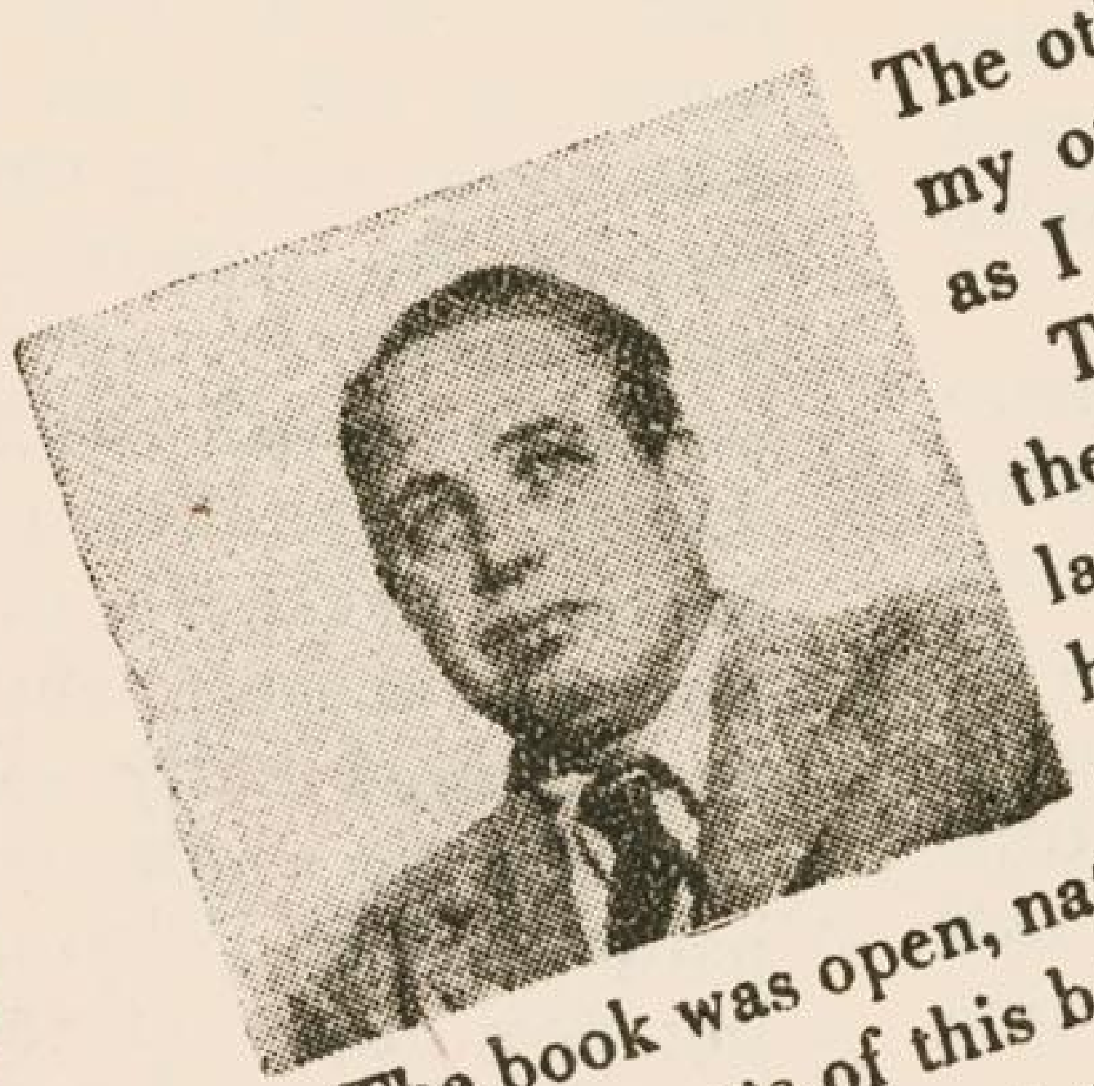
BLUE
CLUE
TRUE
SPUE
FLUE
SLUE
GLUE
AGUE
QUEUE
INDUE
ROGUE
TOQUE
PIQUE
ARGUE
ISSUE
ENSUE
VENUE
VALUE
FUGUE
IMBUE
AVENUE
RESCUE
BROGUE
RISQUE
CLIQUE

3. MINUTE MYSTERY

Dr. Roberts noted that in Questions 1, 2 and 10 Agnes and Charlotte agreed in both answers and the form in which each was written. In 9, they also agreed, though on an incorrect date. Apparently one copied from the other. On the other hand, in 5, Bella and Charlotte agreed on an exact spelling even though that involved several errors. Also in 7 and 8, Bella and Charlotte gave precisely the same form to their answers. Hence it would appear that between Bella and Charlotte, too, one copied from the other. This indicated and was borne out by the other parts of the exam, that Agnes and Bella both copied from Charlotte.

4. OVERWORKED VOWEL

The secret deed revenged between them, three never emerged.



The other day as I was walking along minding my own business and wishing I was rich, as I usually do, I spied this character.

The guy was seated, or a questionable facsimile thereof, on a park bench. He was doubled-up, laughing like anything. With one hand he held his side. to keep it from splitting, I presumed, and with the other hand he held a book.

The book was open, natch.

The contents of this book, I gathered, were responsible for the character's state of hilarity. Out of curiosity (and also because I'm very nosey), I asked what the name of the book was.

"I SHOULDA ATE THE ECLAIR!" he managed to smuggle out of his mouth between peals of laughter. "Funniest durn book I ever read!"

"Really," I chuckled as I entered into the spirit of the thing, "who wrote it?"

"Milt—ha ha!—Gross!" the character roared. "Look at this—at this ape he's got for a maid!—hawr, hawr!" He held the book up for me to see the ape-servant.

It was really a scream. I rolled in the gutter momentarily. Then I resumed my feet, brushed myself off, and thanked the man for sharing his laugh with me.

I left the character prone on the park bench in his highly amused condition and decided that I was going to investigate this Milt Gross fellow and find out how he got that way. Funny, I mean.

After a bit of research, I found my quarry in his modest little home in Beverly Hills. He grasped my hand warmly and thrust a big, black cigar in my mouth even before I could tell him I didn't indulge.

"Here—smoke this," he chortled, "it'll stunt your growth—we have low ceilings!"

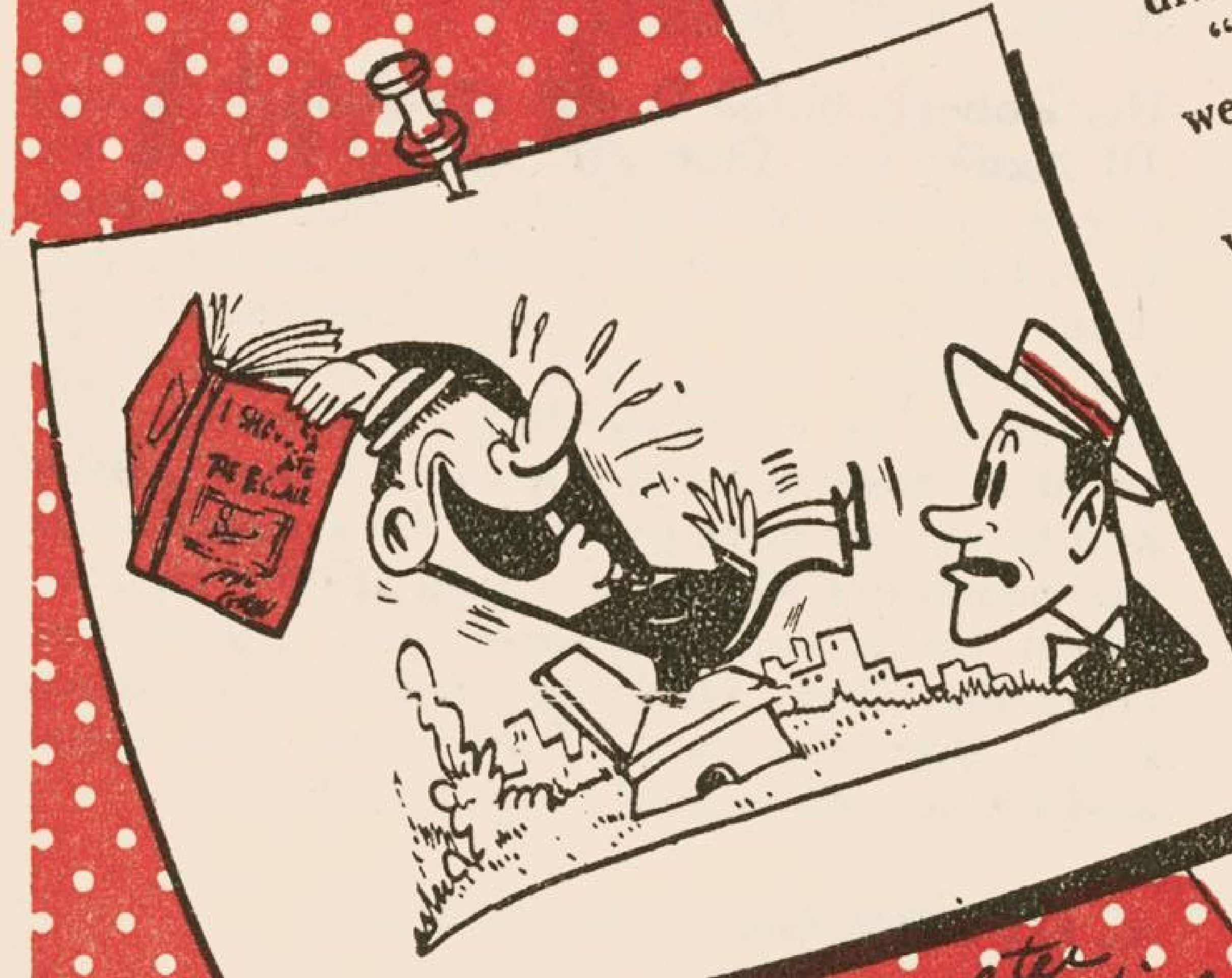
"Milt," I said, bravely fighting the effects of the cigar, which I cautiously avoided lighting, "I'm here to interview you for MISS AMERICA Magazine."

"Swell!" Milt exclaimed happily, "we get that mag—all the kids love it."

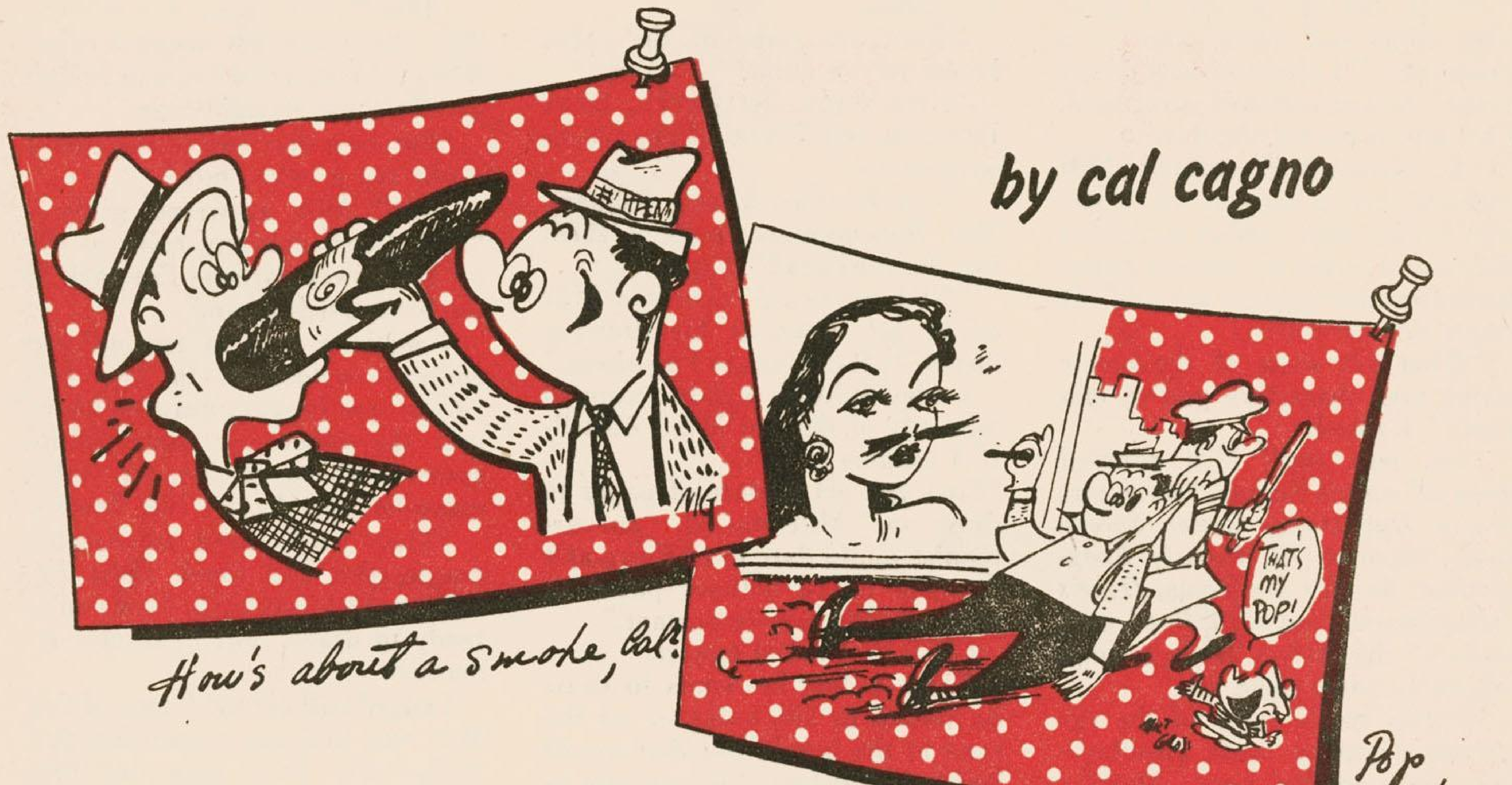
"We want you to give our readers the lowdown on how to become a famous cartoonist. Since you're considered one of the finest cartoonists of all time, we felt that perhaps you might give the kids a few pointers."

"Sure," smiled Milt. "I'd be glad to—I love kids—I don't think any

(Continued on next page)


I SHOULDA ATE THE ECLAIR

This character was laughing


THAT'S MY POP!

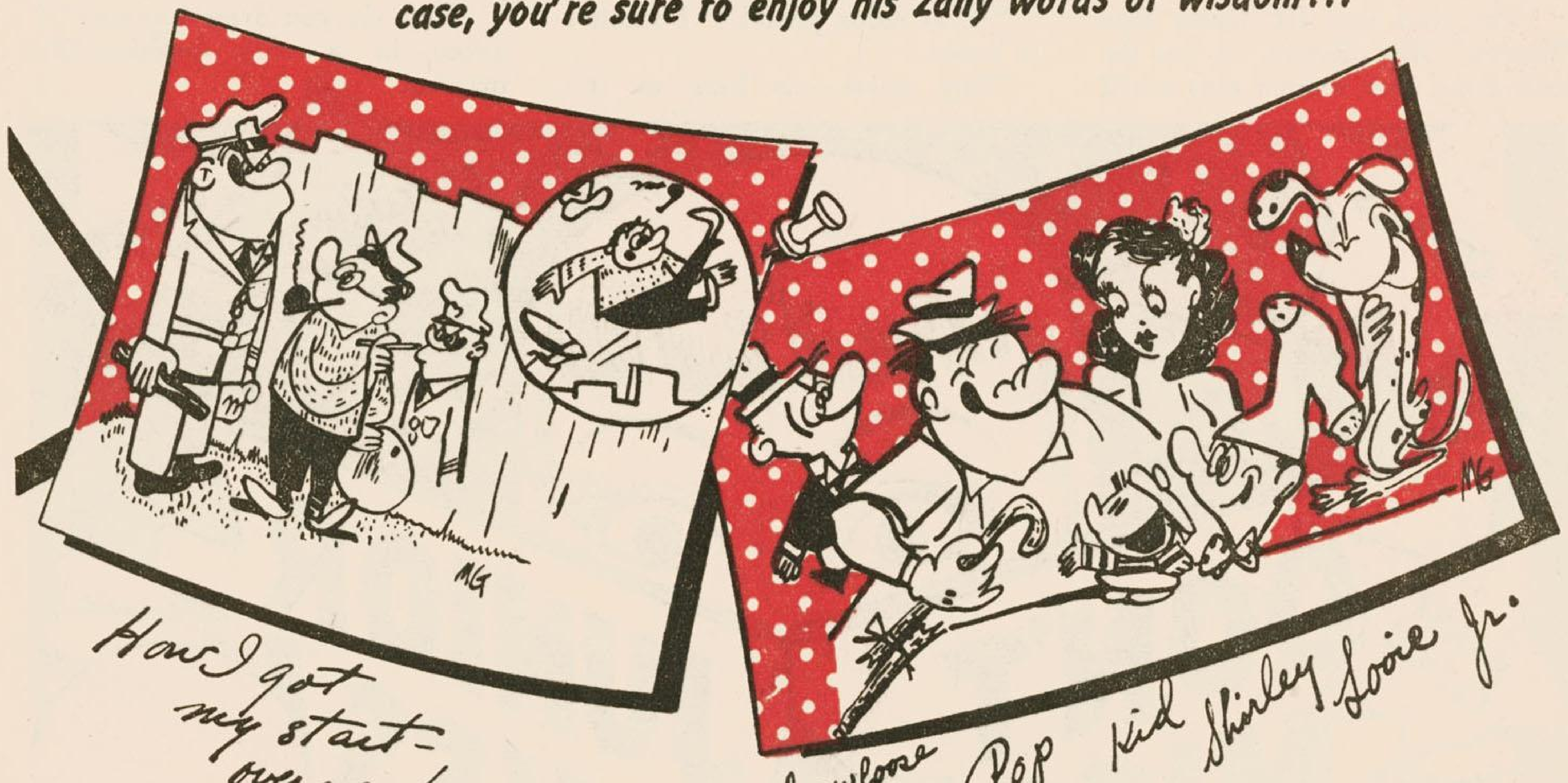
How's about a smoke, Cal!

Pop cartoon

by cal cagno

So you want to be a cartoonist?

Far be it from us to change your mind... But perhaps funnyman Milt Gross will—either that, or he'll make you double your efforts to become as able as he... In any case, you're sure to enjoy his zany words of wisdom...



How I got my start—over a fence

Screwloose Pop Kid Shirley Looie Jr.

family should be without them."

"First, for the benefit of those who might not know—what is a cartoonist?" I inquired with pencil poised over an old shirt cardboard. (All my shirts are old shirts.)

"A cartoonist," defined Milt without batting an eye, "is a guy who got his start cutting out paper dolls—and ended up making paper dolls for other guys to cut out." (I noted this carefully.)

"What are some of the comic strips and characters you've created?" I asked.

"Oh, let's see," Milt counted them off on his fingers, "there was *Looey Dot Dope, Count Screwloose, Banana Oil, Grossly Exaggerated, But It's My Town, Dave's Delicatessen, That's MY Pop!*, and, and——" he didn't have enough fingers to name them all.

"I also recall some of the expressions you've made popular—like, Not in de head, Morris; Banana Oil; Yoo-Hoo, Mrs. Bloom, and others," I said.

"The readers just picked them up and made them popular themselves," Milt replied, refusing to accept any credit.

"I remember you also wrote the most unusual book of all time—a book without a single word in it. All the action was shown by drawings . . . pantomime all the way through."

"Yes, that was He Done Her Wrong," Milt offered. "It was the only book ever written that could be read in any language without a translation."

"What are some of the other books you've done?" I asked.

"Nize Baby, Hiawatta, Dear Dollink and Famous Females, to name a few."

"Now for the cartoon pointers, Milt. How does one go about learning the business?" I queried.

"Nothing to it," chuckled Milt as he sat down at his drawing board. "I'll explain as I go along."

I edged closer. I didn't want to miss any of this for MISS AMERICA readers.

"First you get a piece of paper to draw on," Milt started, "no cartoonist would dare to sit down at a drawing board without paper to work on. It's very important."

"It is?" I asked aghast.

"Yes—unless he wants to draw on fences or sidewalks or on the sand at the beach. But that would be kind of awkward if you want to submit your drawings to a syndicate. Syndicates are very fussy about cartoonists sitting in their reception rooms with a hunk of beach on their laps. Or even a fence or sidewalk for that matter."

"I'll write that down for our readers," I promised. (Don't ever submit your cartoons on fences, sidewalks or beaches, kids.)

"Then the beginner needs a pencil—preferably one with a point."

"What color pencil?" I wanted to know.

"Any color—as long as it's black," Mr. Gross answered.

"Then," continued the master, "the new-cartoonist needs a ruler. When I first started I used a broom handle for a straight-edge."

"But now that you're successful —you use a ruler, no?"

"No," Milt answered sadly—"Mrs. Gross uses my ruler to dig up her flower garden—I'm back to the broomstick again."

I made a note to remind you embryo cartoonists to buy two rulers—one for your drawing board and the other for your future spouse's flower garden. Or marry someone who doesn't like flowers.

"Then you'll need an Artgum eraser, pen and black India ink and maybe a jokebook. Now you're ready to draw," our instructor remarked.

I edged still closer. I noticed that Milt was drawing something that looked like three eggs, one next to the other.

"Every lesson on cartooning has these in—so why shouldn't we?" Milt laughed. "It shows the different steps in drawing a face. And these faces look like they were stepped on plenty."

"First you draw it in pencil—then you ink it in over the pencil—and then you erase any pencil lines that are left," Milt explained the process simply.

"How do you draw figures?" I asked in a very business-like manner.

COMICS
STORIES
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QUIZZES
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manner (best I know, anyway).

Milt drew this simple method for learning figure-drawing.

"Of course," he pointed out—"you can't learn to become a cartoonist overnight. You've got to keep on practicing and practicing—just like famous musicians and singers. Although they're on top they practice every day."

He went on:

"A good idea, I think is for the beginner to pick out the cartoonist who's his favorite—and copy that artist's comic strip every day. In this way he'll learn how to do it from practical experience. Then he can start experimenting with his own creations."

"But aren't many art teachers against copying someone else's work? They claim it stifles a student's natural talent."

"I don't think so," Milt replied, "after all—if they go to art school or learn from books—they'll still be copying from their teachers, won't they? I never went to art school and I know a lot of artists who never did because they never got the chance. But, if anybody did have the opportunity to go to art school—she'd be silly to pass it up."

"Then you think that if a person has natural talent it will come out eventually?" I inquired.

"Yep—with practice. It's hard work, but the rewards are great for those who are determined and keep at it without becoming discouraged. So many kids expect to sell the first cartoon they make. I, myself, made hundreds of drawings before an editor thought one was good enough to print. My first job as a newspaper cartoonist netted me fifty cents a week," Milt recalled.

"Yes, but look at what you've done since," I put in. "You've written books, movies, radio programs—not to mention the world-famous comic strips you've done. Also, I hear you're doing some oil paintings now that have the critics in a dither."

"I've just been lucky," Milt laughed. "If it wasn't for the present my father gave me when I first started as a cartoonist, I don't think I could have stuck to the business."

"And what was that wonderful present?" I asked breathlessly.

"A grocery route," he winked. "For a long time that's how I made expenses—until my cartoons began to click."

"Well, thanks for the tips on cartooning and the cigar, Milt," I said as I got up to leave.

"Not at all—glad to help the kids," Milt answered. "But you haven't lighted the cigar yet."

"I'll smoke it after dinner," I fibbed and later gave it to a friend who had a stronger stomach.

As for me, I'm going to join that character on the park bench and enjoy my copy of Milt Gross's swell book!

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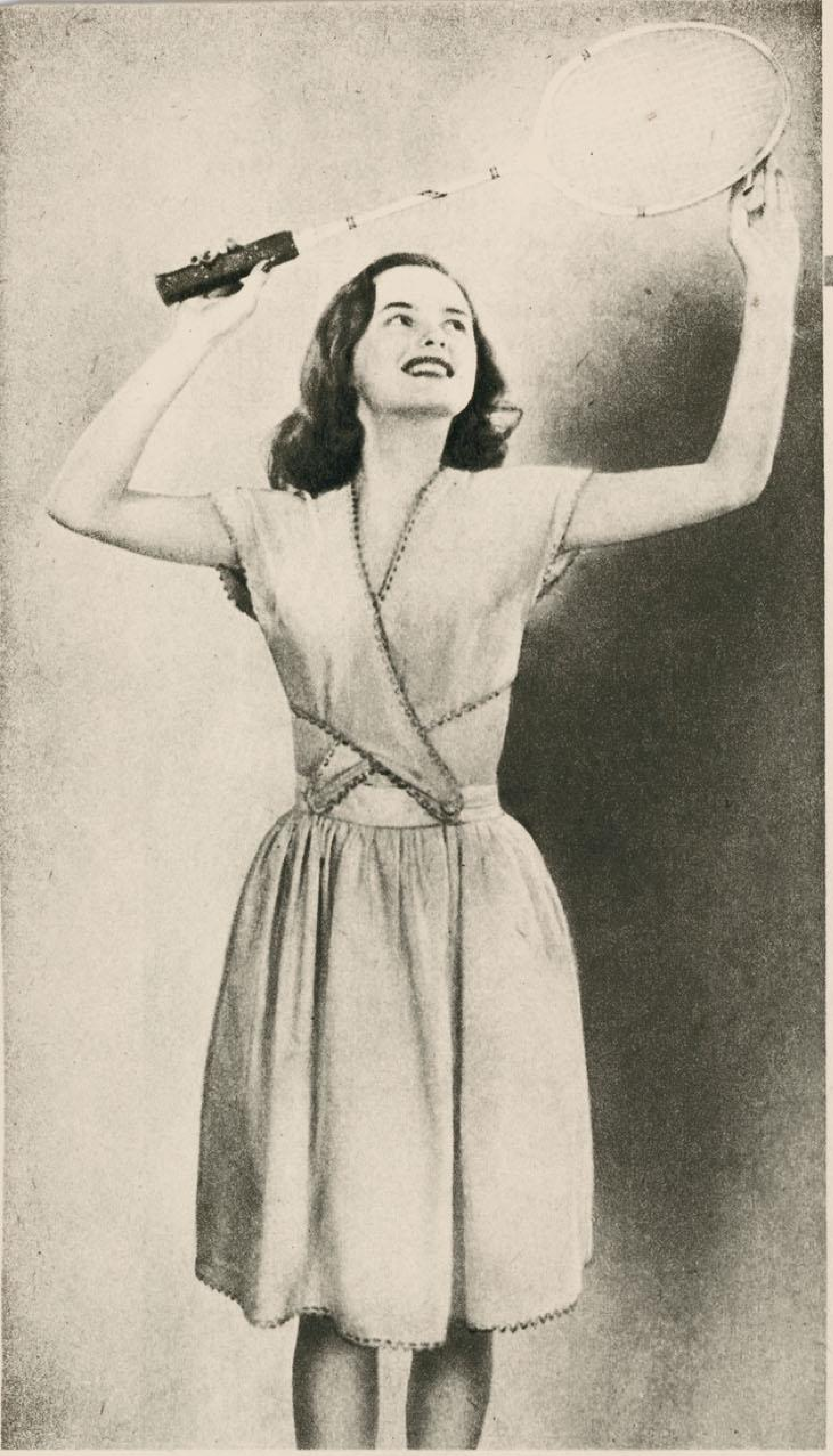
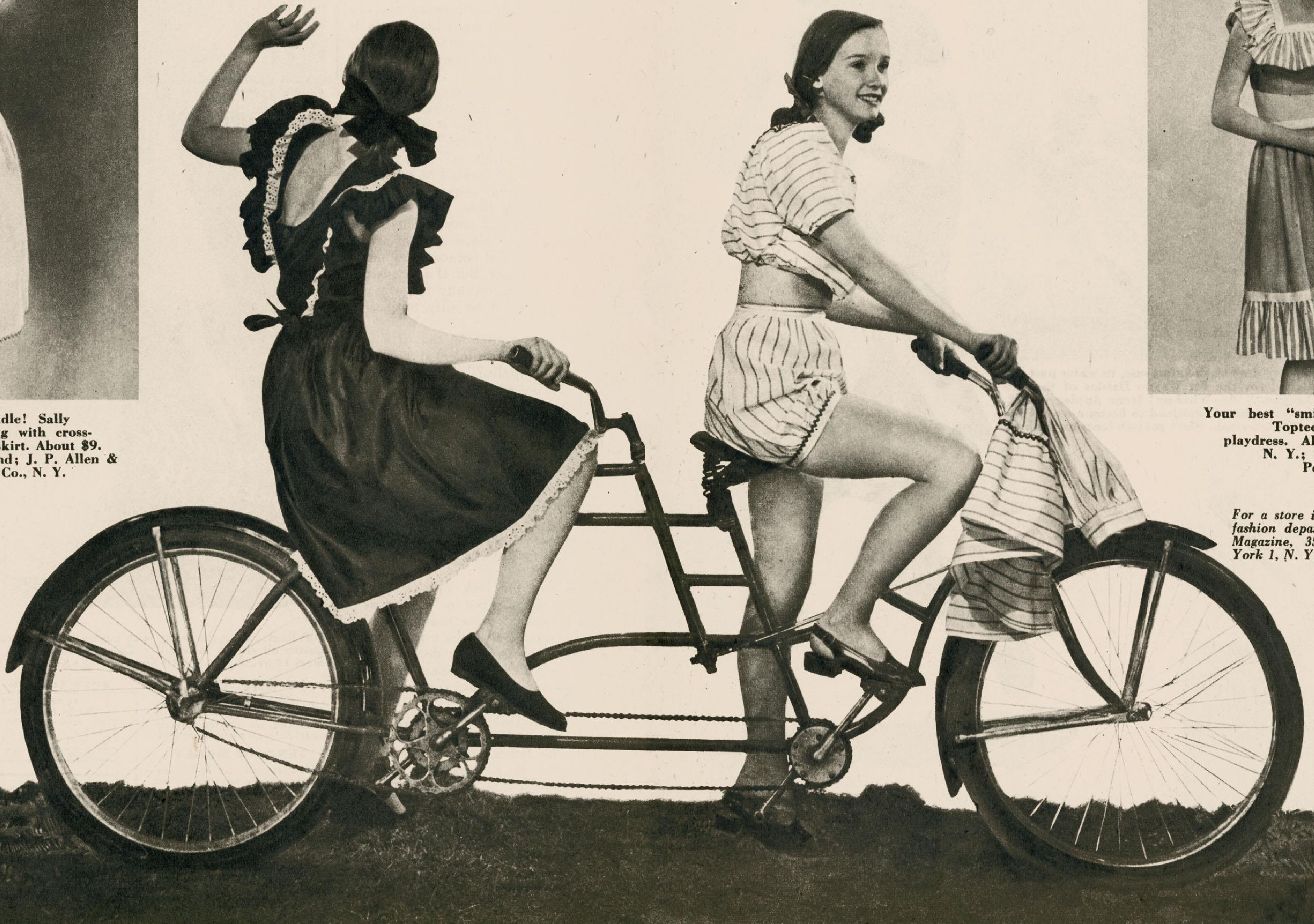
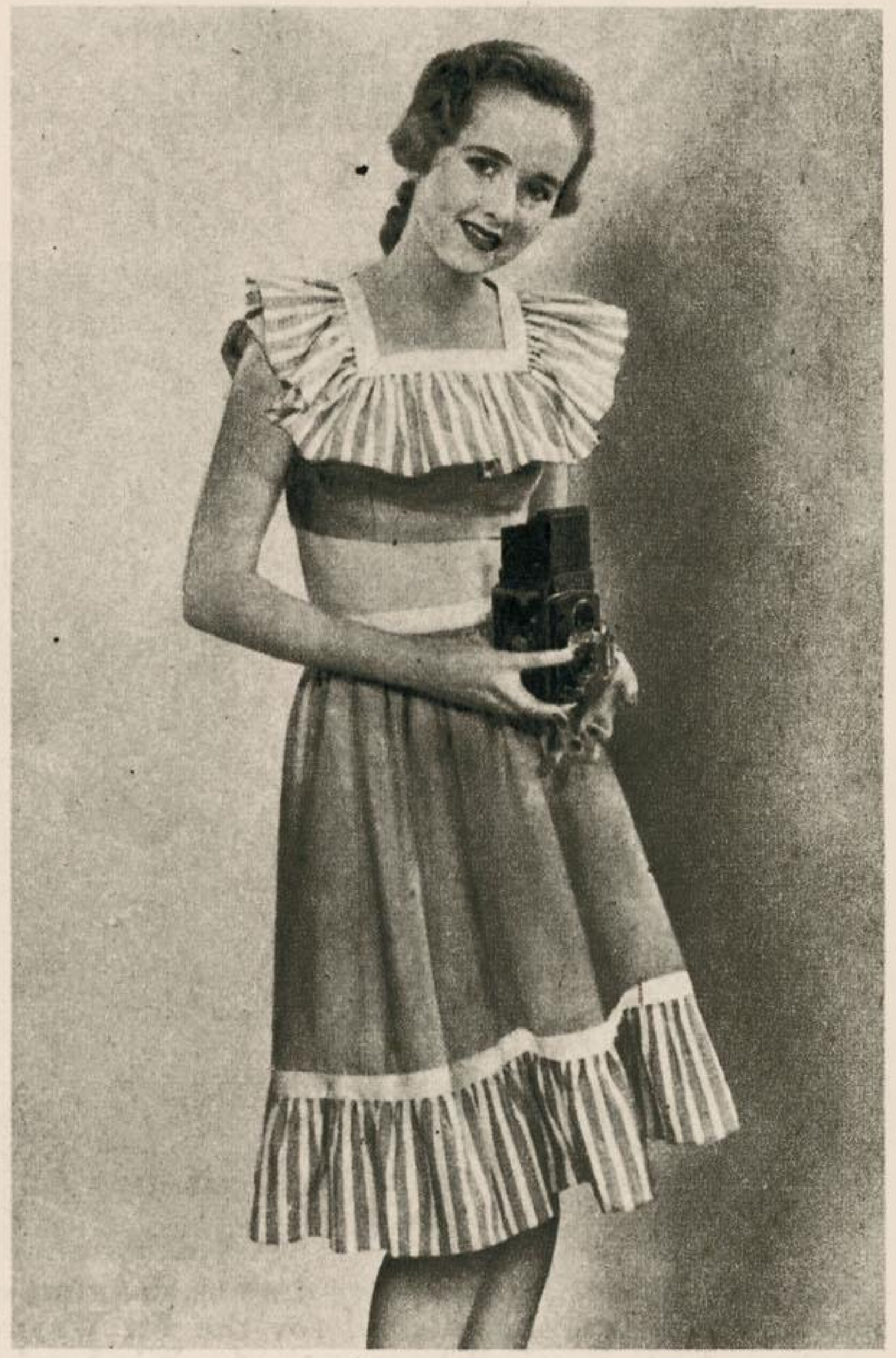


New way to bare your middle! Sally Mason uses men's shirting with cross-straps, panties 'neath the skirt. About $9. At Meier & Frank, Portland; J. P. Allen & Co., Atlanta; B. Altman & Co., N. Y.

Tackling the tandem . . . The girl at left shows off her black cotton taffeta two piecer. Bloomer, panties under the skirt. About $6 each. At A. Harris, Dallas; her partner bares her middle in a top, shorts and button-front dirndl by Petiteen. About $11. At Stern Bros., N. Y.





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BATTER UP!

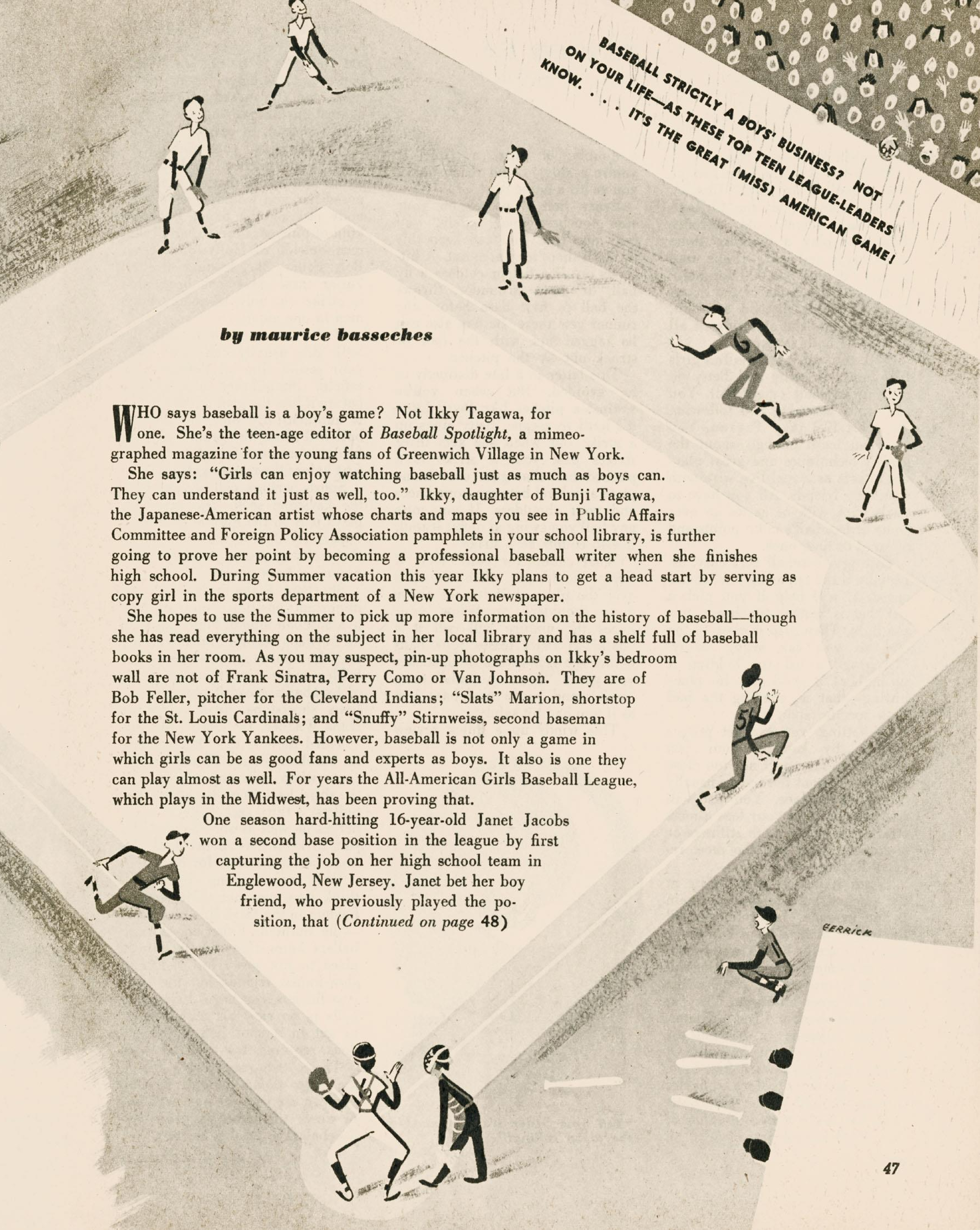
BASEBALL STRICTLY A BOYS' BUSINESS? NOT ON YOUR LIFE—AS THESE TOP TEEN LEAGUE-LEADERS KNOW. . . . IT'S THE GREAT (MISS) AMERICAN GAME!

by maurice basseches

1—Audrey Haine, 18, takes her time as she aims one, to whizz past the batter. Last year, she pitched for the Ft. Wayne Daisies of the All-American Girls Baseball League... 4—Wind-up! Irene Applegren, 18, star pitcher for the Rockford Peaches, is destined to become one of the outstanding pitchers of the All-American. She's got puh-lenty on the ball!

2—Up she goes, and pulls it down. First baseman Betty Whiting of the Grand Rapids Chicks displays the form which makes easy outs—for the opposing team.

3—Wham! Over the fence! Sixteen-year-old Janet Jacobs really gets a hold of one, at home plate. She's regular second baseman for the Racine Belles...



WHO says baseball is a boy's game? Not Ikky Tagawa, for one. She's the teen-age editor of *Baseball Spotlight,* a mimeographed magazine for the young fans of Greenwich Village in New York.

She says: "Girls can enjoy watching baseball just as much as boys can. They can understand it just as well, too." Ikky, daughter of Bunji Tagawa, the Japanese-American artist whose charts and maps you see in Public Affairs Committee and Foreign Policy Association pamphlets in your school library, is further going to prove her point by becoming a professional baseball writer when she finishes high school. During Summer vacation this year Ikky plans to get a head start by serving as copy girl in the sports department of a New York newspaper.

She hopes to use the Summer to pick up more information on the history of baseball—though she has read everything on the subject in her local library and has a shelf full of baseball books in her room. As you may suspect, pin-up photographs on Ikky's bedroom wall are not of Frank Sinatra, Perry Como or Van Johnson. They are of Bob Feller, pitcher for the Cleveland Indians; "Slats" Marion, shortstop for the St. Louis Cardinals; and "Snuffy" Stirnweiss, second baseman for the New York Yankees. However, baseball is not only a game in which girls can be as good fans and experts as boys. It also is one they can play almost as well. For years the All-American Girls Baseball League, which plays in the Midwest, has been proving that.

One season hard-hitting 16-year-old Janet Jacobs won a second base position in the league by first capturing the job on her high school team in Englewood, New Jersey. Janet bet her boy friend, who previously played the position, that (*Continued on page* **48**)

BATTER UP

from page 47

she could take it—and she did!

When the All-American League was organized in 1942, Charley Grimm, manager of the Chicago Cubs, saw 15-year old Dorothy Schroeder play a dazzling game at shortstop and said, "If she were a boy, I'd give $50,000 for her."

At 18, Betty Luna of the South Bend Blue Sox pitched a no-hit, no-run game—the ambition of all hurlers of both sexes.

You, too, can have the fun girls like Janet, Dorothy and Betty do playing baseball or softball. You can enjoy watching and following the sport like Ikky Tagawa. You also can learn enough about the game's techniques and great players to rate as a real live wire with your boy friends. All you have to do is stick with us as we go over some of baseball's main points and a few of its finer ones.

Hitting a baseball isn't easy, especially if the opposing pitcher has speed. It will help if you pick a bat that is neither too heavy nor too light. Then grip it close to the end so you can swing freely. "Choking" a bat (or holding it up higher) is good only for place hitting—that is, sending the ball to a specific spot.

In batting, you can get proper balance by keeping your feet neither too far apart nor too close together. About ten inches usually is a good distance. You also will find that keeping your legs almost straight, avoiding both stiffness or a crouch, gives you the most relaxed hitting position.

When it comes to swinging at the pitched ball, relaxation again is the keynote. Don't try to kill the ball or make a home run every time you are at bat. A well-timed, easy movement that meets the ball just as it crosses the plate is the secret of great hitters on down as Hank Greenberg and Ted Williams.

What happens in baseball or softball after you hit the ball? Of course, you run toward first base. If you get there before a fielder throws the ball to the first baseman, you have scored a single. If you reach second base, you've hit a double; or third, a triple. If you're a slugger and reach home, you've hit a home run!

Every time a player on your side touches home safely, you tally one run. You can keep this up until there are three out. A hitter is out if a fielder catches a fly ball, or on a grounder, throws the ball to first base before the runner gets there. Batters also can be tagged out with the ball or struck out by the pitcher.

This latter is a fate distinctly to be avoided. But when you're against a pitcher like Betty Luna it's hard to escape. Betty rings up a strike out when she gets three strikes past you. A strike is a pitched ball that goes over home plate at a level between your knees and your shoulders. If you miss any ball you swing at or hit it foul, it also counts as a strike.

What counts for you? Well, if Betty should *not* pitch the ball over the plate or if it goes above your shoulders or below your knees the umpire will call it a "ball." If Betty tosses four balls before she gets across three strikes you get a "base on balls" or a "walk" and go to first base just as if you had hit safely.

This winds up a quick review of the high points of offensive baseball, when your team is at bat and tries to score runs. When you are on the defensive, or in the field, you try to tally three outs against the other team.

In the field, of course, the first line of defense of your nine player team is the pitcher. If she could strike out every batter that opposed her you wouldn't need anybody else on the team. But that kind of pitcher is rarer than dream men outside of Hollywood. Even Bob Feller, the leading fireball hurler these days, has been able to strike out only 18 enemy batsmen in one game.

If the batter connects with the ball, this usually calls into play your second line of defense—the infield. Should they catch the ball before it hits the ground, the batter is automatically out. Should the ball roll along the ground, the infielder must catch it and throw it to first before the runner gets there.

Sports writers call second base the keystone sack. The girl who plays it is in the middle of things. Especially double plays in which the fielding team puts out *two* opposing baserunners.

Shortstop is the most active and important position you can play in a baseball infield. Many balls are hit between second and third base and the shortstop must be a fast fielder and a hard thrower. Some of baseball's greatest players have been shortstops, from old-timer Hans Wagner, to "Slats" Marion.

Third base is the "hot corner" in baseball lingo. That's so because when balls are batted down the third base line they streak like bullets. A third sacker needs steady nerves as well as sure hands. And just to keep her on her toes, she must be on the alert for bunts!

Only very young ballplayers think they can put their weakest fielders in the third line of defense—the outfield. Experienced baseballers know that this is not the place to put pesty kid sisters or slow-footed friends but the three *best* fielders you have. Judging fly balls is no easy art and learning to get to a spot before the ball does requires fast feet as well.

These, then, are just a few of the fine points about baseball you can use with the boy next door or down the street to prove that baseball is a girls' game, too.

"Tell your sister it's the man in the moon calling!"

Date-Trottin' Cottons

RANK
NATR
in

If a store in your city is not listed write to the fashion department of Miss America Magazine, 350 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C., for further information.

WONDERFUL stuff, cotton; especially this Bates poplin in Sandra Lee's dater. About $8 at Lord and Taylor, N. Y.; Bullocks, Los Angeles.

Chambray goes very gay, done up with pretty painted posies. By Tiljoan Classics. About $13. At Power's Dry Goods Co., Minneapolis; Loeser's, B'klyn, N. Y.

Love that dress! It's two-tone and terrific as Susan Allyn makes it with a keyhole neckline, an out-to-there skirt. About $11. At Jane Engel, New York.

Those four-leaf-clover bracelets by Alpha-Craft. Shoes, Eileen Casuals. Vic-Teen's Hats. White Shorties by Nolan.

MY DATE WITH RODDY McDOWALL

From page 23

and Ann Blyth. And—(in a shy tone)—it would be very nice if you would wear low heels under your formal—since we are so near the same height." This was a diplomatic suggestion, for had I worn high heels, I might have been taller.

For the next three days all I could think about was the coming premiere. My mother, who is Hazel Dawn ("The Pink Lady," a famous star on Broadway and in silent pictures) shared my excitement and told me of the many premieres and first nights she had attended. She was so happy for me, going to my first premiere, and with Roddy McDowall!

Roddy has always been one of my favorite movie stars. I remember when I was thirteen and made my picture debut at M-G-M, a tiny part in Virginia Weidler's "The Youngest Profession," I saw Roddy in the studio commissary. He was wearing short pants and long wool stockings that rolled below his knees. However, I don't mention that to him now.

Two years ago when I was placed under contract at 20th, Roddy congratulated me. Then, when I was given the second lead as "Vi" in "Margie" with Jeanne Crain, Roddy seemed to be as happy about my break as though it had been his good fortune. And when I sang over the radio. Roddy told all of our classmates to "listen in." That is one of Roddy's wonderful qualities, his good will and generous enthusiasm for other people.

Roddy had asked me to be ready at a quarter to eight. With all of my indecision about whether to wear my hair up or down, I took an hour and a half to dress. Usually I take forty-five minutes at the most, and ten for school.

I was expecting Roddy in his blue car, but here was a big chauffeured limousine from the studio! I might have looked out more, but I didn't want to appear curious. So I sat down away from the window until the door bell chimed.

Roddy stood there on the steps and said, "Hazel, you look lovely." He handed me a corsage of three white beautiful gardenias. Then he asked permission to bring Farley Granger, who was waiting outside, in to meet my mother. Incidentally, Farley calls Roddy's mother "Baby." So Roddy, who used to call her "Mummy" now calls her "Baby."

Roddy helped me with my white ermine jacket, and after goodnights to my beautiful mother, we drove away to pick up Ann Blyth.

It was still only 8:15, too early to arrive at the premiere, so Roddy asked the chauffeur to drive the four of us up on Lookout Mountain to see the city lights of Hollywood below.

Up there sort of on top of the world we talked about our futures.

Roddy owns this movie company, which is make-believe. He buys stories, budgets, produces and sells his pictures.

"I'm thinking of re-making 'Seventh Heaven.'" He was quite serious. "I think Jeanne Crain would be right for the girl, and Gregory Peck for the man. I hope to sign them."

Roddy keeps books on all costs of producing his pictures. When he talks about it you can't believe it is just make-believe.

Next thing we were driving down Hollywood Boulevard. As we approached the theater, crowds of people came running up to the car and tapped on the window. "There's Roddy McDowall. Hello, Roddy!" they called.

I felt like a princess when the announcement came over the loud speaker: "Roddy McDowall's car is approaching." Roddy helped me out and offered his arm to escort me up the long red plush carpet; there were thousands of fans cheering from the bleachers, bands playing and blazing lights everywhere.

"Mr. Roddy McDowall with Miss Hazel Dawn," the announcer said. There were cheers and cameras clicked. I was aware that my former secret crush, Hurd Hatfield, was directly ahead.

Roddy introduced me to Esther Williams, Mickey Rooney and Lucille Bremer at the ticket window. People were milling all around and asking for autographs. They asked for mine. I was so thrilled.

Then we were inside and the picture started. The man next to me kept getting his feet confused with the fullness of my white dress, and Roddy was concerned lest my dress be ruined.

When the picture was over, we heard a chorus of "Bye, Bye, Roddy," from the bleachers, and then back in the car. Roddy suggested that it would be nice to have something to eat. He asked where I would like to go. I had never been to one of the famous Hollywood restaurants, and Roddy said he thought "The Players" would be nice. So we went there for a snack.

Ann and I left our fur jackets on and slipped into a booth, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible with so many people looking.

We talked about the movie and Roddy gave us some impersonations from the picture.

Roddy said he would like to make Tarkington's "Seventeen" into a picture. Incidentally he also has a beautiful singing voice and should sing on the screen. We harmonized on old favorites all of the way to Ann's house and there we waited while Farley said goodnight to Ann.

Roddy sang snatches of the latest pops, and before I knew it I was home and fumbling with my key to unlock our front door, thanking Roddy for a wonderful and memorable evening.

He said it was his pleasure. He has such wonderful manners! Then I said it was mine and he reiterated that it was his. When we got that over with, he reminded, "Don't forget our date for the Senior Prom at University High."

There was no kiss. I didn't expect one. It was our first date.

Then I was telling mother all about it and wishing that the evening was starting all over again.

I have pressed the gardenias to keep, to remember the nicest time I have ever had.

Roddy's is the one picture that has a permanent place of honor on the wall of my room. Others come down for new favorites, but I know Roddy will always be one of my very best friends.

Miss America Speaks...

Ideas, information, interesantia—by and for you . . . $1. for each nifty notion used here. . . .

FAN FARE

"That article on Jane Powell in the January issue was really swell! It was especially interesting to me, since we saw Jane in person at Kuotto Berry Farm. Mom wouldn't believe me at first when I told her that she was a *movie star*—Jane looked so much, the typical teenager. And is she darling!"

JACKIE PAUL

MEET THE PEOPLE . . .

"I always wanted to meet Juste Fontaine. Juste is Pittsburgh's POPULAR and HANDSOME, YOUNG fighter. One night while I was attending the fights with my father I caught a quick glimpse of Mr. Fontaine. Since Juste is my favorite fighter I was determined to meet him.

"The next day I arranged an interview with him for the school paper. But I was very disappointed. He was detained elsewhere, and I wasn't able to see him that day. That evening I called at the home of Fritzie Zivic and got my story for the paper. It was printed in the "News" here at Pgh., besides the school paper. I was happy to see my name in print of course, but—I hadn't met Juste Fontaine.

"A few weeks later I dropped into the ice-cream parlor after school and—there was Juste! You can imagine my surprise and pleasure at seeing him. For after all, determining to meet him, was actually what started me on a new hobby and possible career—journalism!"

TERESA KANE

SUMMERTIME . . .

"Don't put away clothes when starched, since this will cause the material to rot. In storing evening dresses, silks and fancy blouses, tissue paper should be used in the spaces between the folds."

LEONIE ANN POLLARD

TOMMY
Lou
LES
Jerry
JIMMY
BOB
Bill
JOAN
Betty
CRAYONS

"Take a pencil or black crayon (not ink) and autograph all your friends names on your bathing cap. Since it is hard to find the pre-war rubber hats, names go on swell on these new water-proof cloth caps."

JOAN WARDEN

"A wonderful drink on these hot days and a money saver too is:

Banana Shake

1 ripe banana
¾ cup milk
2 teaspoons sugar
Vanilla to taste

Mash banana until a creamy substance. Add milk, sugar and vanilla and mix. Um-um!"

HELEN REDCAY

"A hot tip for a cold drink is: break a stick of peppermint candy into several pieces and drop into a glass of tea. Or melt the candy in warm water and put in milk (cold)."

DELPHA RESE BLACKBURN

FOR FATHER'S DAY . . .

Chums

"I like to go with Billy Smith,
With Charlie Brown and Pete.
We're just one age, and all of us,
Live on the same old street.

We stand together mighty close,
We're in one room at school.
In work or play, it's all the same,
We stick—for that's our rule.

But still there is another friend,
And when I see him come,
I have the feeling after all,
That Dad's my finest chum."

DORIS BUCKLEY

FOR GIRLS ONLY

Bewildered? Bothered? Bored? Teen counsellor Jean Goodman offers you her helpful and heartwarming advice for those perplexing problems . . .

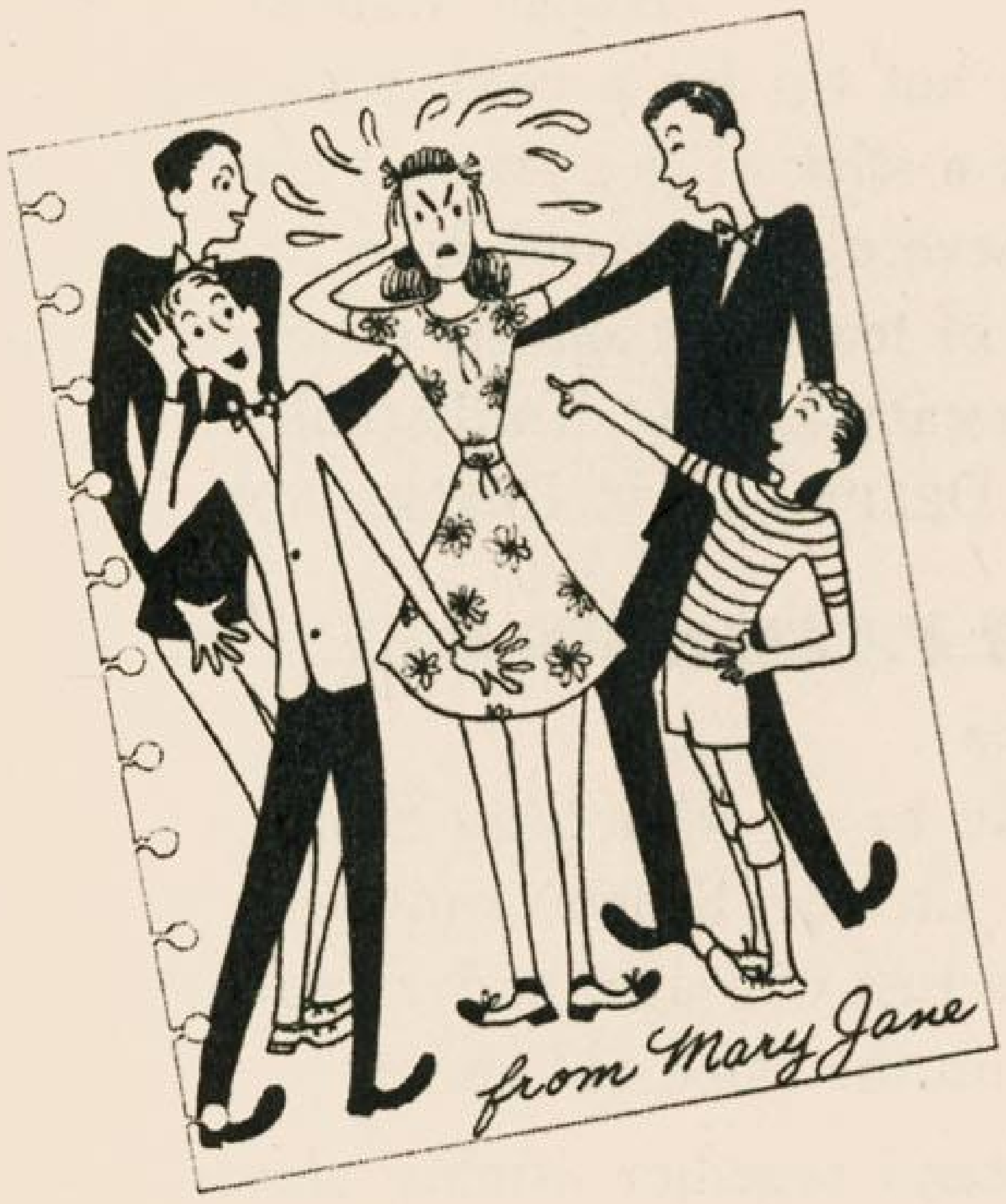
by Jean Goodman

from Margaret

Dear Jean:

I am 15 and have a problem about a boy. He is a year older than I am and likes me very much. He really is a pest. He goes to the same church as I do and always comes and sits by me. He tags after me everywhere, including to and from school. I have tried to ditch him because my girl friends as well as myself are very tired of him. How can I make him stop without hurting his feelings?

Margaret



Dear Margaret:

You've heard the saying, "beauty is only skin deep?" Are you sure you are not merely looking at the package and not at the contents in this case? I appreciate your desire not to hurt his feelings—it isn't fun to be hurt—but have you given your friend a chance to show you how nice he really is? Every boy you will know through life can't and won't be, the most handsome, popular, attractive person you will want to know, but you will enjoy knowing many people who are fun and interesting. And at a dance, there can't be twenty attractive men all seeking you as dancing partners, but if twenty men dance with you—you're pretty apt to be considered popular.

What I am trying to tell you is that by being nice to everyone, you'll find they will be nice to you. However, if you want to get rid of this boy, be busy when he phones for a date. Tell him you're sorry but you promised to walk home with Jane when he waits after school—sooner or later he'll get the idea. But remember this, the man whom you and your friends might think dull may be well liked by other boys and carry much weight in locker room bull sessions! Be nice to him, Margaret, it doesn't hurt to have friends—loads of them.

Jean

Dear Jean:

In your February issue of Miss America Magazine, a girl wrote and told you she fights with her sister. If she really knew just how lucky she is to have a sister! You see, my sister died three years ago when she was seventeen. I have four brothers, but how can I talk over things which girls like to talk over, with boys? Instead of helping me, all they do is tease me. When other girls praise their sisters, I feel like telling them to be quiet, because my heart is breaking, I miss my sister so much.

(*Continued on page* 55)

from Shirley

RING THE DINNER BELL

From page 10

butter? That's corn with character, all right! But there really are many other vegetables to choose from. And here's where your home economics course and nutrition enter the picture. If you're going to have fresh corn, you can sidestep the rule about two starches and have potatoes as well. Because fresh corn has so much water, the starch content is low. Why not scrub some potatoes, rub them with margarine and put them in the oven before you even begin to get the chicken ready? Then chicken and potatoes will come out even on baking time.

Instead of corn with the potatoes, there's summer squash, spinach (which you can cream), peas, and on and on. These vegetables are now put up by most of the frozen food companies. All of which means a snap for you.

All right, up to now, you've got the most important part of the meal planned, most important, for the nutrition conscious part of you!

But how about the family? You can bet your next week's allowance they are withholding judgment until dessert! Make it ice cream (you can't go wrong with ice cream), and add an out-of-this-world sauce of your own contriving. First, about the ice cream, just store it in the package in the ice cube compartment. For the sauce, make it a spicy chocolate apricot concoction—stewed apricots, pressed through a strainer into bitter-sweet chocolate that has been melted over hot water. A touch of cinnamon and ginger add the note of perfection.

Now that you've your dinner mapped out . . . don't get stove fright. Take it easy—give yourself plenty of time. After you've your menu planned, and your recipes in front of you, check to see that you've all the ingredients. Then get out the utensils and pots you'll be needing. One good way to save time, as well as some wear and tear on your nerves, is to set your table just as early as you can. You might even do that first, right before you actually start preparing your dinner.

You're all set now, aren't you? Except for one thing, of course. The family isn't used to being served by a messy-looking scullery maid. That means a bee-line to the soap and water. Take off your old face, put on a new. Change your dress and brush your hair. You can even do it during those last few minutes of cooking time.

Operations Dinner (at least one as elegant as this) deserves a super-duper presentation. And that's exactly what it's getting—a lovely-looking table, a well-planned and perfectly cooked meal, presented by a well-groomed cook in her prettiest apron. Nothing left to do now, but ring the dinner bell for come and get it!

Baked Broilers

1 young chicken, about 3½ lbs.
salt, pepper
4 tbs. margarine
1 tb. flour
½ tsp. mixed poultry seasoning

Wash and remove all pin feathers from well-cleaned chicken. Cut (or have butcher cut) into quarters. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Rub with margarine. Mix flour with poultry seasoning and roll chicken in this seasoned flour. Place in casserole or baking pan. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes; then remove cover and continue baking another ¾ hour. Serve a quarter of bird to each person.

Coming In July . . .

Esther Williams, M-G-M's glamorous champ, who churns through the waves with the greatest of ease, advises every girl to be a better sport and GET IN THE SWIM! Read why she says swim for beauty, swim for health, swim for sociability . . .

* * *

SUNLIGHT SONATA by top-flight Leonard L. Hess is one of the most moving stories we've ever run . . . from romantic love to pathos all in a musical setting . . . read it for tenderness . . . read it for inspiration . . . but read it!

* * *

If he's been feeding you, here's the big chance to turn the tables—on that nice boy in your life. The food-for-fun section tells you how to play hostess at dinner for two . . .

* * *

And there'll be a big helping of fashions . . . And sooooo many features, you can't afford to miss all in your July MISS AMERICA Magazine.

Baked Potatoes

4 medium-large regular sized potatoes
margarine
paprika

Start oven heating to moderate (350° F.) temperature. Scrub potatoes well. Rub the surface of each, lightly, with margarine. Place potatoes on rack and bake until well baked through (test with a long pronged fork). This will take at least an hour. Upon removal from oven, at once cut a large cross on top of each potato; one by one, take up each in a clean tea towel and press potato open at top to force out the steam. (If allowed to stand after removal from oven the steam will cool and be condensed inside the potato, making it moist and soggy instead of dry and mealy as a good baked potato should be.) Stand in warm place until ready to serve.

Herb Spread

4 tbs. fortified margarine
1 tsp. finely minced parsley
dash of paprika and dry mustard

Mix together well. Turn out onto a piece of waxed paper. Roll and shape into a tube. Chill. Cut into inch long pieces and serve as a spread for corn on the cob.

Chocolate Apricot Sauce

¼ tsp. cinnamon
½ cup stewed apricots
apricot juice
pinch powdered allspice
2 squares bitter-sweet chocolate

Break chocolate into bits (unnecessary to cut small) and melt in a very small bowl set over a small saucepan, filled with hot water. When melted, remove from water; rub apricots through a strainer into the chocolate. Mix well. Add just a tiny (and we mean tiny) pinch of powdered allspice. Mix well, then add sufficient of the apricot juice to make ¾ cup of sauce. Serve over ice cream. Top with chopped nuts, if desired. Serves 4 generously.

READY FOR A STEADY

From page 17

people: each other. You're quite the woosome coosome twosome until—something happens.

You begin to resent Freddy's possessive attitude toward you! Why should he make such a fuss about your walking from chemistry to English class with Jerry? Does going steady mean you can't even walk with another boy?

Speaking of other boys, why must Freddy always display his affection for you in front of them! It's downright embarrassing. For instance, at the last Teen Canteen Dance, did he have to introduce you as his "future bride" to that smooth center on the Wilson High team? Jonathan, that was his name, wasn't it? Not Johnny, not John, but Jonathan. Nice name. Sounds so, sort of—romantic. You asked him if he were related to the apple with the same name, remember? He said no, but if he were, he wouldn't mind being picked by you. Of course, Freddy had to remind him that you'd already picked your fruit.

Jonathan told him how awfully lucky he was, and disappeared. You would like to have danced with Jonathan, but it never occurred to Freddy that you'd want to dance with anyone but him.

Later, you caught a glimpse of Suzy gliding along with the Big Center From Wilson, and you felt hurt, and angry. You don't know why. Or do you?

Yes, perhaps you do. Perhaps you realize you're not ready for a steady. You're too young for that "settled" feeling. Your ideas and emotions are changing rapidly, and seeing the same boy with the same ideas, every night doesn't go with this change.

It was fun for a while, but suddenly you're bored to the brain with that same silly laugh, that same old line, and those same corny remarks. In fact, if just once more you hear Freddy say, "pass the feather," after someone has told a joke which he considers un-funny, you think you'll commit mayhem!

Well, don't. Just get out your Fuller and give it to him gently. Defrost this fast frozen friendship. Snap that chain before it drags you down. In short, break it up, before you and Freddy hit the column as a "ruesome twosome."

Easier to read than do? How true! If you don't have the courage, just forget it. Put that brush back where you got it, and start stitchin' up your weddin' gown. Was that you, shuddering just a little? Then stop stalling. This is it: the jilt.

First, you'll try Method A, a la Hollywood: Let's Be Friends. This is quite a production. You're the director and the star. You choose the time and the place for the performance. (You'll probably get best results if you make it AFTER a pleasant evening together, on your front porch or in your living room, alone.)

Before raising the curtain on the first act, be sure you know your part. Ready? Lights! Action! (Gently, but firmly.) "Freddy, I've been thinking about us, and, even though I'm very fond of you, more fond of you than I've ever been of any other boy, I just don't want to go steady any longer."

Mmm-hum! We're "just wild about Harry" Lewis! Young and handsome Warner Bros. actor, soon to be seen in "The Unfaithful."

Curtain! Applause! End of Act I.

Act II: Freddy wants to know why? Jeepers, is it anything he said, or did? You don't have your eye on another guy, do you?

No, nothing like that. It's something you can neither explain, nor control; it's the way you feel. You seem to be changing, for no reason. You'd still like to be friends with Freddy, go out with him, maybe once a week, but you'd like to feel free to date other boys, too. So, naturally, Freddy should date other girls.

He doesn't want to. As far as Freddy's concerned, there just aren't any other girls. Sounds beautiful, and you're a fool for flattery, but don't weaken, Missy, don't weaken. Have an answer ready for everything. Try using a little flattery yourself.

Use any logical line in Act Two, but, before the curtain falls, be sure to convince Freddy that: (1) you are no longer going steady, (2) you want him as a friend.

Applause! Bravo! Well done! That's what it says here, and that's assuming that you can wrap Freddy right around your little pinkie. Well, can you?

If not, your production will probably more closely resemble a prize-fight than a play. The acts will become "rounds." There'll be nasty cracks, and tears. It could happen to you.

In fact, there's the bell. Round One: You come out of your corner, and deliver the opening blow, same as you did in Act One. It's a surprise punch; it staggers your opponent. He doesn't recover before the end of the round.

But, get set for Round Two: Freddy lands a hard right on your pride; he accuses you of having flirted with Jerry. This makes you very angry, and you really start slugging. A left, a right; you're sick and tired of Freddy's petty jealousies. He's too possessive, that's what. Now, Freddy sends you reeling with "Possessive? Look who's talking!" Keep that left up, guard your heart.

You're punching at each other's feelings. You remind him of all the things he ever did that hurt you. He recalls some ancient history, too. You're getting nowhere. "Keep it clean," shouts the referee as he breaks the hold you have.

Yes, Missy, keep it clean. Don't

hurt his feelings any more than necessary. You know, now, that you're not ready for a steady. Concede the fight, and say goodnight. No use sparring over a lost cause. It's impossible for you and Freddy to be "just friends." You're through!

Everybody in school knows it: you had a fight. Oddly enough, you're not carrying a torch, nor are you acting superficially gay. You're just being yourself. A happy, relieved, somewhat self-satisfied you. You weren't jilted. The whole thing was your idea. You're not even worried about snapping up other dates. Not yet.

However, you are "prepping" for them. You're reading the newspapers and good magazines. You're learning what's happening in the world, so you can talk with anyone on any subject. You're taking time out to repair some of your clothes. You're trying some of those beauty tips for teens. You have time, now.

You'll feel lonesome for Freddy, occasionally. Don't think you won't. That "empty feeling" will reach its peak on the first Saturday night after the bout. Anticipate it. Make some plans that will keep you occupied.

Above all, be confident. Freddy thought you were a pretty peachy-type pigeon, didn't he? So did Jonathan. Once the news of your break gets around, your telephone will start ringing. It could be, that the boys are just a little timid about asking you for a date. In that case, give them a gentle shove in your direction. Try a Sadie Hawkins Party. Invite a number of girls, letting them invite their own fellows. You, of course, will invite Jonathan.

Have a good time, but take it easy. Don't let ANYONE pull you back into that steady rut. Not for a lo-oong time! You're not ready for a steady. Remember?

from Shirley

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 52

I am 14 years old and have a younger sister. I try as much as possible to be an ideal sister to her so she will never have to go through the same thing. Please tell me how I can get over my sister's death and talk to girls without feeling bad. Mary Jane

Dear Mary Jane—

Death is always a very sad thing, especially so when it happens to young boys and girls who have their entire life before them. Time alone will heal the empty feeling and help you recover your ability to listen to other girls without feeling badly. No one will ever be able to take the place of your sister within your heart, it's true, but you will find that God's way with any deep sorrow is to let time heal. Some day your heart will be filled with only happy memories of your sister and the ache will be no more.

You say you can't talk to your brothers or girl friends. Have you turned to an older person, perhaps to your minister, if not to your family, for help? He would be only too happy to help you find new strength within yourself. Once you make a definite effort to help yourself, you will find yourself growing closer to your brothers. You must not think for a moment that they miss your sister any less than you. They are boys and brothers and feel that teasing you about your boy friends is what brothers are supposed to do! Laugh along with them and you'll find their teasing stops. You are indeed a marvelous girl to be establishing such relations with your younger sister. You are building a wonderful friendship which will bring you a treasure money can't buy. Jean

Dear Jean—

I learned recently I have to wear glasses. I have a fair amount of good looks but when I tell friends I wear glasses they make disagreeable faces and say "Oh! no!" What am I to do? Shirley

Dear Shirley—

Isn't it a fair-weather friend who won't like you with glasses?

Glasses on girls today—or boys for that matter—don't make *any* difference *whatsoever,* especially now, when frames are being designed in so many becoming styles. Go to some reliable optometrist and have him suggest one for you. Wear glasses smartly and with ease. If *you* accept them naturally, your friends will too!

Meanwhile, don't worry—many attractive girls wear glasses.

Jean

Dear Jean—

In the last issue, Shirley Temple talked about having a crush on boys, but what if you have crushes on girls? Twice now I have liked girls, one was 19 and one was my age, 14.

I don't know why, but I don't like to talk to my mother about this and I thought maybe you could help me. You may think I'm silly to act this way about it and there really isn't any question to ask except how can you control yourself? Anne

Dear Anne—

Your problem is absolutely no problem at all! Having crushes on girls is merely a part of this business of growing up—and is as normal as breathing! It is natural for girls your age to admire girls, generally older girls, and to believe them the most wonderful people in the world. Do not be ashamed of liking girls, but do pick out leaders—girls who possess qualities which you admire and would like to possess yourself. If you, in your admiration for these girls, imitate their good qualities, you are helping to make a better *Anne.*

Shortly, you will find your interests will turn towards boys; you will want them to like you and to include you in their fun. You will be thankful for your girl friendships, but will find you are not so seriously infatuated with them.

Lastly, Anne dear, don't be afraid or ashamed to discuss your problems with your mother. You'll find, I'm sure, she will not only be most understanding and sympathetic toward your "problem" but will also convince you that you've made a "mountain out of molehill!" Jean

Hollywood's Younger Set

From page 13

Sandra Burns, daughter of George Burns and Gracie Allen, helped liven the party by playing the piano during intermission. Her date, Stuart Erwin Jr. (son of actor Stuart Erwin), gave with the vocals. Sandra's dress was taffeta effectively caught with big red roses at the sleeves.

Leslie Gargan, son of Bill Gargan, wore his St. John's Military Academy uniform. Mavourneen O'Brien was one of the few whose date brought her a corsage. Baby orchids too.

* * *

What fun Gloria Jean is going to have this summer vacation, making a lengthy personal appearance tour of the British Isles with a guaranteed minimum of $75,000 for the ten weeks, plus all expenses for her parents and two sisters, whom she insisted should accompany her.

Our personal dreamboats (yours and mine) Bob Hope and Bing Crosby sent Dorothy Lamour a special present on the set of their picture "Road to Rio." The long cumbersome bundle proved to be a boulevard stop-sign with a note from the boys, "For Dottie, who doesn't need help stopping traffic on any 'Road'!" Incidentally, Bob and Jane Russell are co-starring in a Western entitled "Paleface." Bob plays the owner of a bath house in the wild and wooly West, and Jane comes in for a bath! And well, we won't spoil the picture for you—but nuff sed, with Bob cutting up in it!

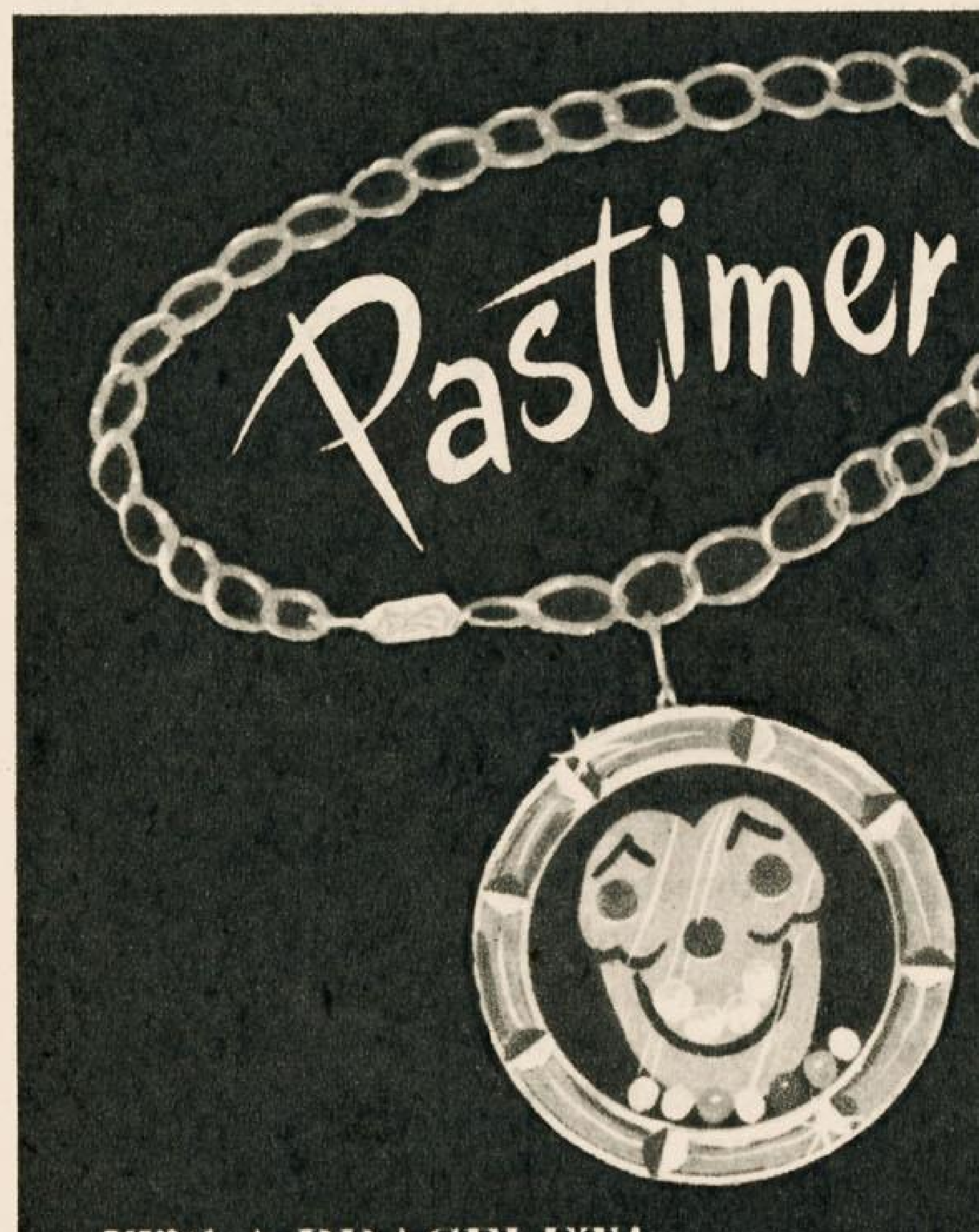
* * *

Junie Allyson says she has cried in so many of her movies that please, no more deep dramatics for her. Perhaps she'll do "The Return of October" for Columbia, if Metro will loan her.

* * *

Plans for the first annual national Fan Club Convention in Hollywood are shaping up nicely. We'll have more news about it next issue!

And that's Hollywood!



by Werthley

How your best beau will admire it when you wear it on your next date! Then...challenge him to a game of rolling the beads into the sockets. Two won't be company, honey . . . it'll be a whole party! In beautiful gold-finished metal, with bright colored face, to go with everything you wear!

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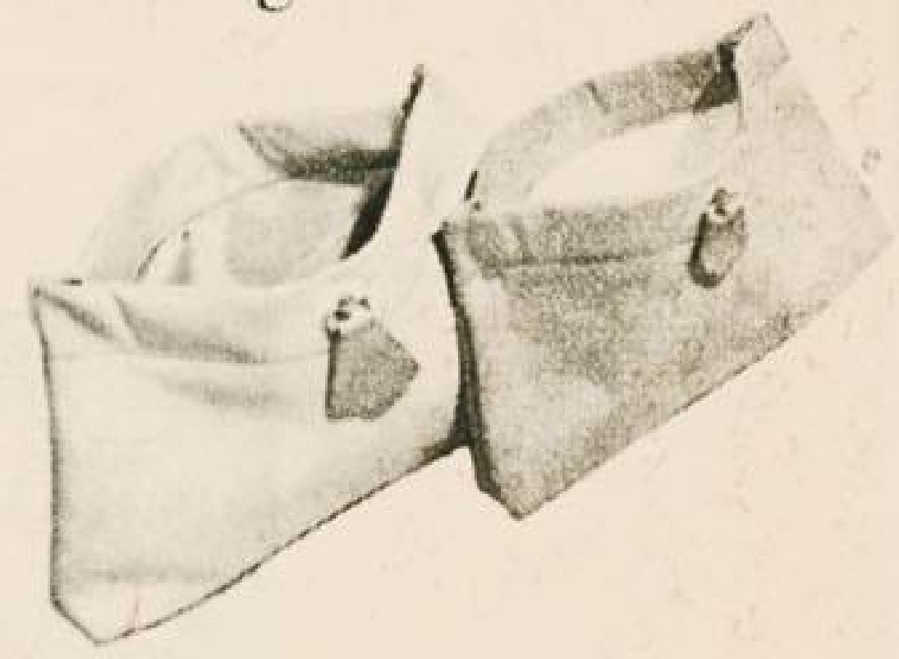
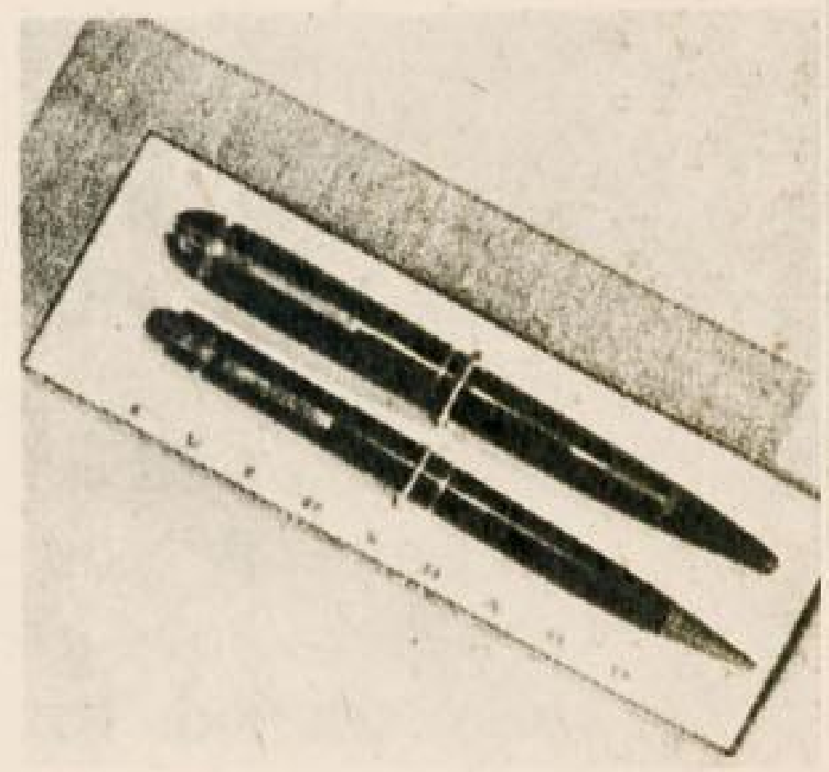
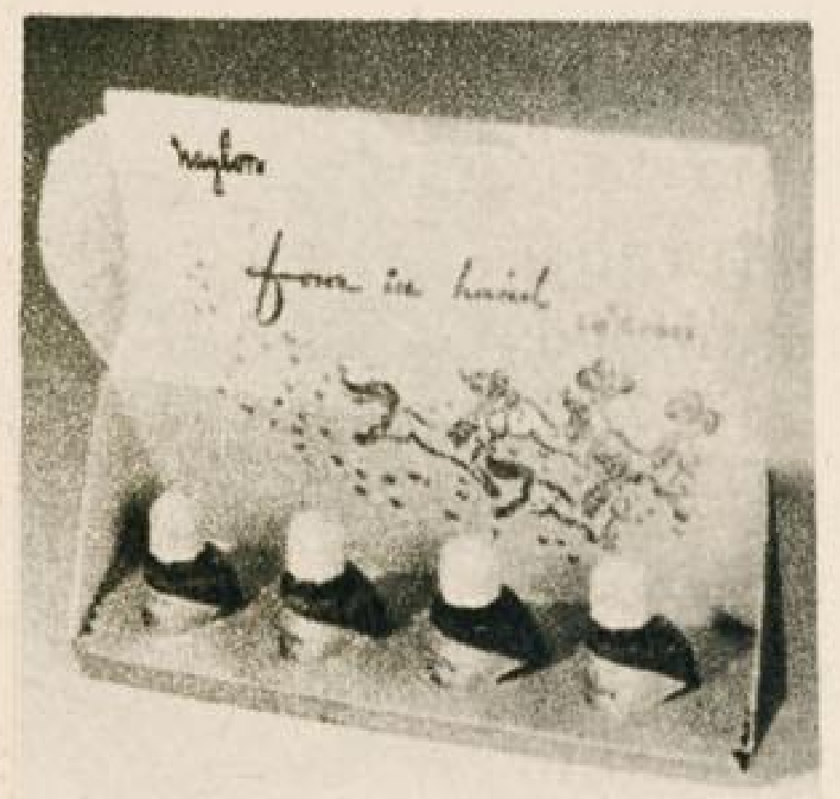
Pin money Buys...

WHAT is all the excitement about this month? Well, come shopping with us and you'll know. First, let's remember that Father's Day is on the way, and here's a super idea for you and for Dad. It's a twin gift—Dad gets a wonderful tobacco pouch. Made with a "Snap-it" opening in natural steer hide, it's lined with oil silk and is Dad's for $2.50. For you, the tobacco pouch is turned into a "Boodle Bag" that every one of your friends will want. Yours is in natural elkskin, the same shape as Dad's only a little larger, and it too snaps open. Best little carry-all we've found to date. $3*. You can have one or both by writing to **Rolf's Leather Goods,** and they'll happily obleege.

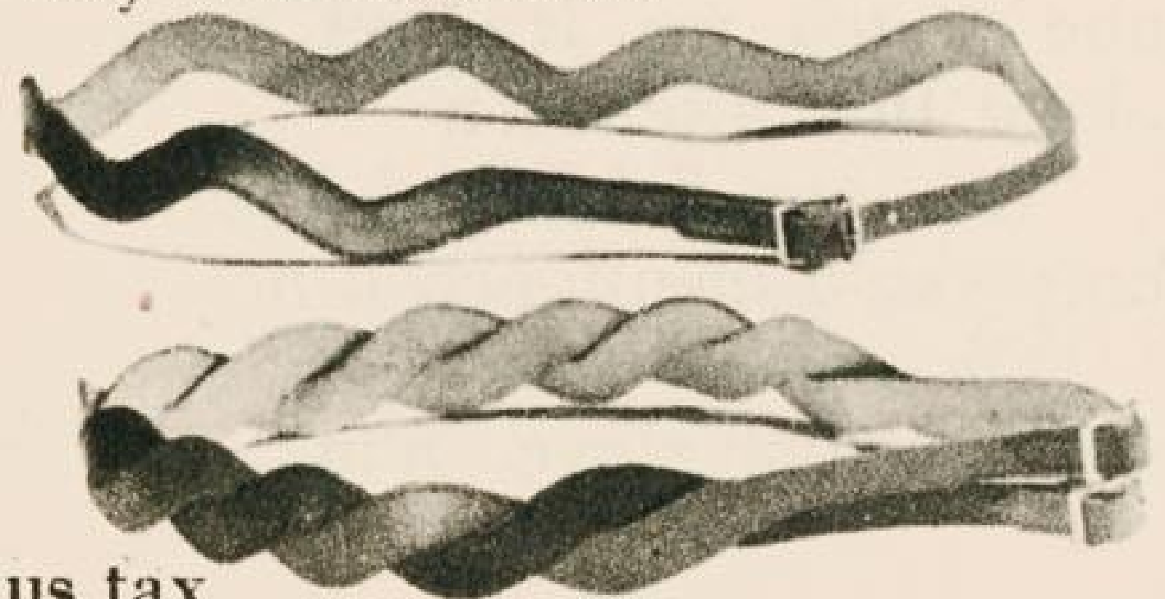


The next big event on the agenda is graduation. If you are the honor-getter in your house, a hint to your parent that what you want is the **Eversharp** pen and pencil set you saw in MISS AMERICA should do it. It's the "Skyliner" in a lightweight plastic with a gold-filled clip, and you can just about name your color. Best of all, it is guaranteed forever. Just imagine! Sold separately, too, the pen is $5, pencil $3.75, and you'll find it in all the best stores. While we're on the subject of graduation, here's the buy for remembrance sake: the "Swoon Bracelet," a natural for the class of '47. Dangling from the golden link bracelet are photos of the crooners-of-the-hour. But you can personalize it and paste pictures of your classmates there instead. **Regent Jewelry** is responsible for this bright idea for $1*, which accommodates to twelve photos of friends. Since we're handing out tips, here are a few finger-tips for you! Four miniature bottles of nail polish in new exciting summer colors. There's one for almost any occasion. Tuck a bottle into your bag, and it's johnny-on-the-spot when you need it most. Plenty attractive and convenient package, too. By **LaCross,** $1* for the set wherever you do your cosmetic buying.





Here's another johnny-on-the-spot job, and a boon to all young womanhood. It's the "Spotstik," and if come graduation day, or any big day in your life, a blemish mars your beauty, just apply "Spotstik" and no one will be the wiser. Makes a perfect powder base in colors to match all skin tones. Same size as your lipstick. Write to **Lydia O'Leary,** for this super concealer. It costs $1.25. And just because you keep asking for more belt news, here's the belt find of the month. It's the double-dipper. Two narrow intertwining belts to wear solo or together. We like it doubled in two bright colors. $2 each from **Debutante Belts,** in rainbow range of colors. Write to MISS AMERICA, Shopping Editor, 350 Fifth Ave., New York, for "where-to-buy" information.



*Plus tax.

KNOW-HOW TO WASH YOUR FACE

From page 6

before an operation—diligently and painstakingly, but not roughly, using a rotary motion. Give special attention to the sides of your nose, that space between the eyebrows and the indentation in the chin. Your warm water, frothy lather and the friction you produce will combine, working together to remove oily accumulations and also stimulate the skin cells locally, so that the blood will circulate freely, removing waste products.

Finally rinse off your soap, using cool water, but never (no, never!) use ice.

There you are—smooth-skinned and shiny—we hope. If that's the case, naturally you'll want to stay as sweet as you are; if it's not so, you want to clear up your complexion, pronto. You can do either—or both—by using a simple medicated emollient ointment. This will offset any possible dryness from soap and water, and at the same time will help to soothe and heal your blemishes.

Lastly your whole body must be kept vigorously and scrupulously clean. Dandruff, for example, may be the cause of a bad skin. If you do have it, always brush and comb your hair, *before* you wash, since infection often spreads from the scalp to the face.

In fact, why not clear up your scalp condition entirely? It's easy—just give it the same treatment—in reverse. Apply the ointment *first* in this case, rubbing it well into your scalp. The following day, shampoo your hair, giving it at least two generous latherings. (You can make your own liquid shampoo by shaving some of your medicated complexion soap into hot water, and shaking vigorously.) Rinse well after the first lathering; rinse and rinse and rinse, after a second lathering, and continue rinsing until your hair squeaks.

Follow this routine for several weeks, and notice the object of his affection—will be your complexion!

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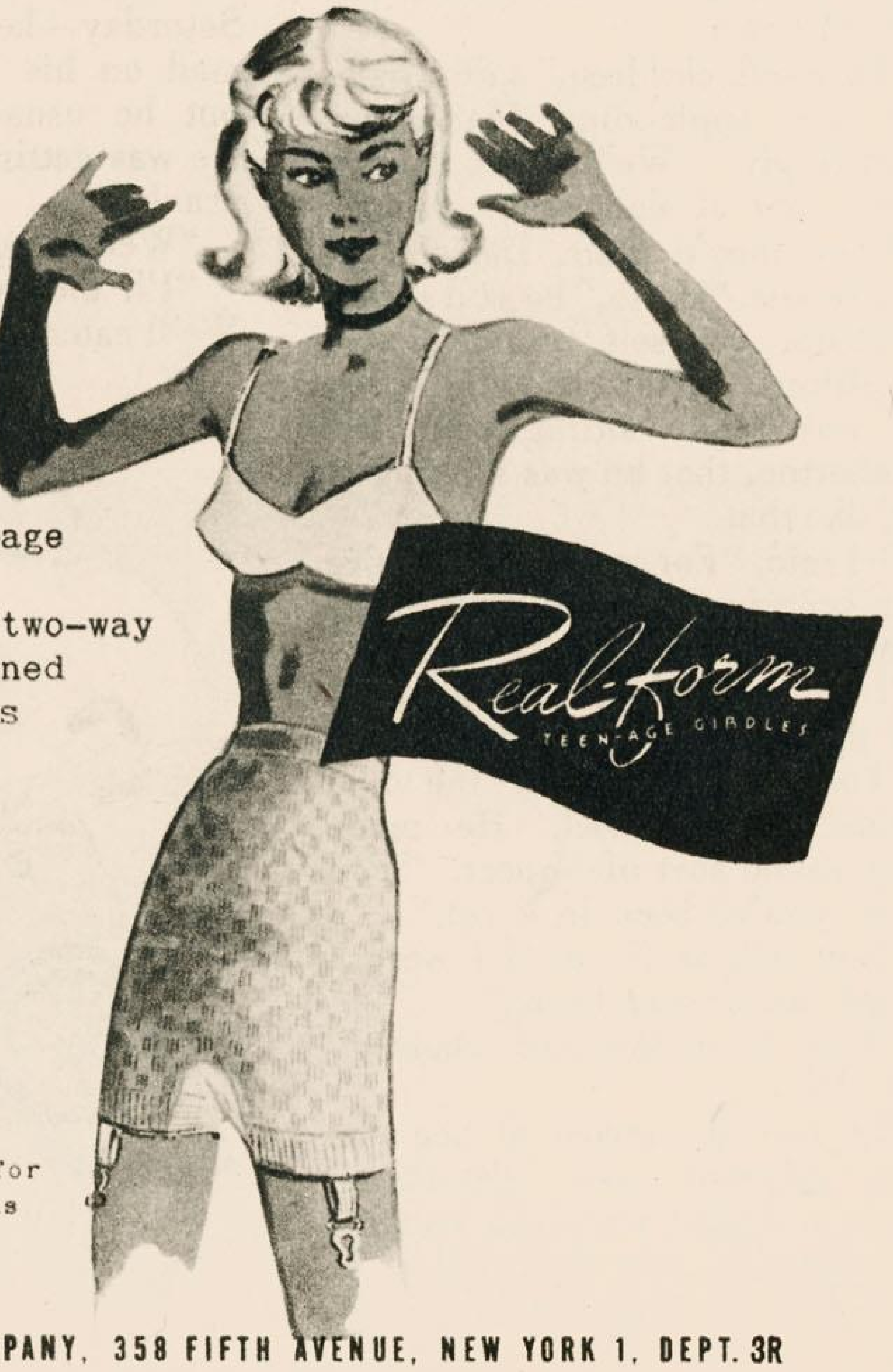

Any questions? Write for your copy of "Why Teens Should Wear a Girdle"

REAL-FORM GIRDLE COMPANY, 358 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, DEPT. 3R

WINNING MODEL

From page 25

"Now don't go getting ideas," said Frank. "Oh—here he is."

Del came over, his stride long and easy, brown eyes confident, brushing Frank and Linda once over lightly, then coming to rest on wide-eyed Jeanie.

"Hey, where'd you get the crowd?" he said, half-joking, half-serious.

Jeanie flushed. "They came in while I was waiting for you. You know Linda, Frank—?"

"Oh, sure—hi!" said Del casually. But made no move to join them.

Linda's eyes went wonderingly from Del to Jeanie. Then she stood up. "So-o-o, a rendezvous, bejabbers. Frankie, we've been guilty of a social *faux pas*—in other words, all unwittingly, we are disturbing a twosome. The solution, obviously, is to disappear, vamoose, evaporate—fade."

"Reet," said Frank, rising.

"Oh, you don't need to leave—" began Jeanie, but Del shushed her with his eyes.

"Farewell, children," said Linda, her eyes applauding Jeanie encouragingly. "We'll retire to yon corner, out of sight and earshot."

When they'd gone, Del slid in near Jeanie. "Hello," he said softly.

"Hello, yourself," said Jeanie breathlessly. Hard to believe that she was really sitting near Del Lamberton, that he was looking at her, like that.

Del said, "For weeks now you've been ignoring all my introductory maneuvers—how come?"

"I—I guess that, until today, I just didn't recognize the signals."

"Too absorbed with the boy genius?" asked Del. He made Coby sound sort of—queer. "You know, you've been in a rut."

"You talk as if—as if I were a stalled car, or something."

"With a streamlined chassis," said Del.

The way he looked at her was both pleasant and disturbing. Jeanie was glad when the waitress interrupted to take their order. It gave her an opportunity to—to sort of get her breath. Del was certainly—well—in the groove. All his sentences seemed to be kind of—double. There was an underneath meaning to them, too. Confusing—but stimulating.

The girl brought their order, and they ate. Del had a sandwich, while Jeanie sucked a malted, aware of his eyes on her, aware, too, that everyone who came into *Stiffy's* was noting their duo and making mental notes and whispered comments. Who was the girl with the dream-boy of Carleton High? Was this a passing fancy, or something definite developing? Del's romances always made back-seat news.

"Jeanie, the more I see of you, the better I like you," Del was saying. "How about a date this Saturday night?"

Jeanie took a deep breath. It had happened—he was asking her for a real honest-to-goodness Saturday night date! Coby hadn't mentioned anything definite about Saturday—he was working like mad on his latest model plane—but he usually dropped around. He was getting so he took her for granted.

"Well—" she said shakily.

"I'll pick you up around eight. We'll catch a show, go dancing—"

"I can't stay out very late," said Jeanie apologetically. "Next year when I'm a junior—"

"Next year when you're a junior," said Del mournfully, "I'll be away at college." His hand closed over hers on the table, hard. "You'll miss me a little, won't you, Jeanie?"

Jeanie said fervently, "Carleton High won't be the same.

"There!" said Del, dark eyes sparkling triumph. "For a little while you forgot the boy inventor, didn't you?"

With a shock, Jeanie realized that she had—almost.

Monday morning Coby stopped by for Jeanie as usual.

"I dropped over Saturday night—but you were gone," he said.

"Yes," said Jeanie, hazel eyes not quite meeting his earnest blue ones, "I—I went to a show. With—with Del Lamberton." Better get it over with, quick, she thought.

"Oh," he said. "G-good show?"

"Very," said Jeanie too gayly. "Van Johnson, so naturally—"

"That's good," mumbled Coby. "Well—let's push on—it's late."

For the first time, since Linda had tricked her into asking Coby to the Hag Dance weeks before. Jeanie felt uncomfortable with him. Almost scared—the way she used to feel with boys, not knowing what to say or do, before she'd learned, through Coby, that boys were people, too.

She stole a glance at Coby's blunt profile. For the first time, it struck her that now she had to look up to him. He was stretching up, broadening out. Other ways he was changing, too. Though still tremendously absorbed with aircraft models, he was more sociable. Being chairman of Field Day decorations, for example. Of course, he wasn't to be compared with Del—they were different types—but Coby was improving in his own way . . .

At her locker, Coby handed over her books. She murmured thanks.

"Oh—uh—" said Coby, "I—I thought maybe you might like to—uh—come over to the "U" stadium and watch me try out my new plane this afternoon—"

"Oh, dear," faltered Jeanie, "if only you'd mentioned it before—"

"Oh—uh—I see. Something else on the stove, h'm?" Coby shuffled his feet noisily.

"Yes, er—tomorrow, Coby?"

Taut silence between them. Then Coby said slowly, not looking at her, "Dunno. I'll be pretty busy—uh Field Day arrangements—it's next Saturday, y'know."

"Oh—oh, yes," said Jeanie. "It's—it's fine you're being chairman of decorations, Coby. Everyone says they're going to be super." She looked at him brightly. Now would be a good time for him to ask her to the Field Day dance, before Del got around to it.

Coby started to say "Jeanie—uh—" when someone tapped his shoulder. Jeanie choked. Del!

"Hi, genius. Hi, sugarplum," said Del. "Am I interrupting something—I hope?"

"Nothing at all," said Coby, moving out from under Del's hand. He didn't look at Jeanie. His eyes roved past her, lighted. "Oh, there's Merry Waverly. Gotta see her about decorations—so long."

Merry had seen Coby, too. "Coby—oh, Coby!" she called. "I've been looking for you all over. Wait till you see the sketches I've made. Your ideas are working out ecstatically!" Blonde hair dancing on her shoulders, Merry was full of cheer and charm—and appreciation of Coby. Jeanie watched them thoughtfully as they went off together.

With Del that afternoon at *Stiffy's*, Jeanie told herself that she had never enjoyed herself more. Girls envied her. Boys followed Del's leadership in discovering her charms. All her practice on Coby had certainly improved her technique with boys.

Only—Coby didn't come to *Stiffy's*. Nor Merry Waverly. In spite of herself, Jeanie found her thoughts floating off to Coby, his model plane, wondering if maybe Merry was applauding the exciting maiden flight . . .

"Hey," said Del, "come back from wherever you are. I'm asking you something—important."

Jeanie started, smiled apologetically. "Sorry."

"I'm asking you to the Field Day dance—how about it?"

A plane, coming in low, heading for the nearby airport, made immediate reply impossible. When the hum died away, Jeanie said slowly, "I—I'm not sure yet. I—I'd sort of made—other plans."

She was as astonished at her own words as Del looked.

He flushed. "You can change 'em, if you really want to."

Jeanie stood up nervously. "I—I'll let you know. Now—I've got to run. Just remembered something. See you tomorrow, Del."

At the "U" stadium field, Jeanie stopped, astonished. Quite a crowd! She inched her way through, looking everywhere for Coby—oh, there he was, on the sidelines—alone—watching tiny aircraft lifting into the cloudless sky.

"Coby!" cried Jeanie. "Hi, Coby! Why didn't you tell me they were having a competition?"

Coby turned, "Jeanie—you! I thought——are you by yourself?" His eyes groped past her.

"Of course I'm not by myself, silly." Jeanie linked her arm through his. "I'm with you. Coby, which one up there is yours?"

Jeanie had just the briefest glimpse of Coby's beautiful model climbing into the shimmering air. With misty eyes and aching throat, she watched while it remained miraculously aloft—five, ten, fifteen breath-taking minutes longer than any other entry.

Congratulators crowded around the happy, grinning Coby. Then newspaper men pushed through. "Hey, Bud, let's have a picture of you and the winning model. You've broken some kind of record, it seems." The reporter looked at the plane admiringly. Then, "How come you called it 'Jeanie'? Name got some significance?"

Coby's grin broadened. "Some."

Watching, Jeanie felt fine inside—fine and proud. Grateful, too—glad she'd stopped being foolish in time. All the love, the painstaking effort Coby had expended on making his champion plane—the final devoted touch in naming it for her, as a surprise—would have been in vain, if she hadn't come.

"Some day," the reporter was saying to Coby, "maybe you'll design a rocket ship to the moon."

"It'll take practice," said Colby.

Jeanie smiled to herself. One way or another, practice makes perfect. Here she'd been using Coby to practice on, to perfect her technique with other boys—only to find he was the one she was practicing for, all along. You never knew. You just never knew.

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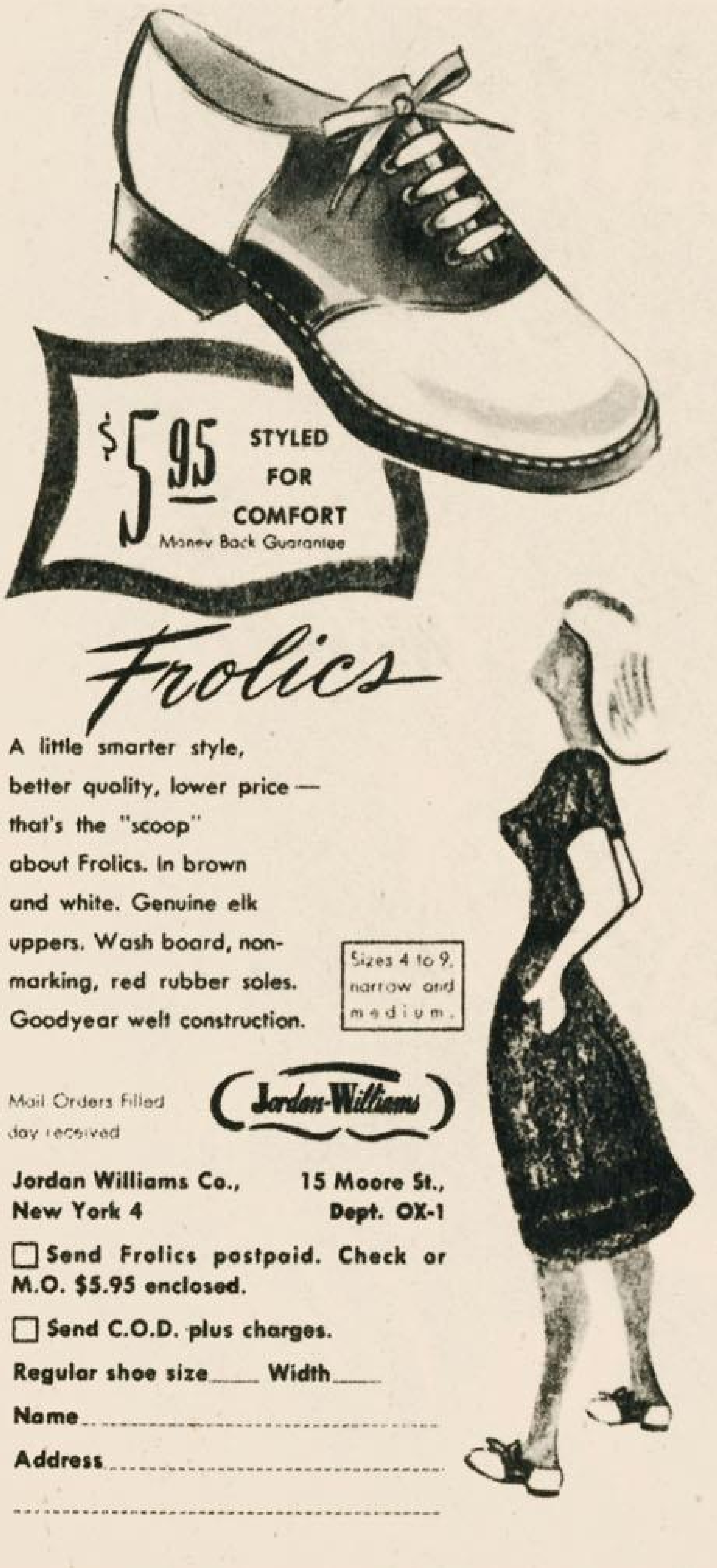

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at the airport, that's when."

"Oh, you mean to meet Brenda's plane. Well, I had things to do here. Helping mother with canning. Weeding. Mowing the lawn. After all, Bruce, we can't afford to hire help. I mean, it isn't as if we had a maid or gardener, or anything. We're just plain people."

Bruce looked slightly baffled, then grinned. "Not too plain—even if you do look kind of disreputable at the moment. But say—you should have been at the airport. Most of the gang was—it isn't every day you meet a friend flying in from New York. Brenda got quite a welcome."

"I'll bet," said Corrie. Then, to ease the pain of her curiosity, "How—how did she look?"

"Look? Oh, super. Sure. Like a million."

She ought to, Corrie thought bleakly.

"She asked for you," said Bruce. "Seemed disappointed you weren't there."

Corrie smiled lopsidedly. "Oh, I guess she had a big enough reception without me. Well," she said abruptly, "if you'll kindly remove your big feet, I'll get on with my mowing."

"But I came to ask you to come down to Griffin's for a soda. The gang's congregating, and Brenda said maybe she could drop over for a while, if it's okay with her folks."

"Why not, she hasn't anything else to do? But, unfortunately, I have." The mower gnashed its blades. Bruce leaped out of the way.

"Hey, go easy with that thing! Here—let me help you."

"No, thanks, this is my responsibility. I'm getting paid for it. Heaven knows, I have to increase my allowance some way—especially since my great-aunt Agatha went and died, so I won't be getting any more birthday and Christmas checks. As a matter of fact, Bruce Lang, you ought to be mowing your own lawn, instead of chasing all over town."

Bruce's blue eyes goggled. "Since when have you been so darned ambitious? Time was, you spent all your energy trying to get yourself—and me—out of work. How come?"

"I just happen to have some self-respect, that's all," said Corrie enigmatically. The mower gnashed, grass spurted. She pushed on past him, dark head high.

THE

Bruce stared after her. Then, hunching wide shoulders helplessly, departed.

The Parkers were just finishing dinner that evening when the doorbell rang. One long, three short. Corrie gulped.

"Goodness," said Mrs. Parker, "that sounds like—like Brenda's old ring. I didn't know she was home yet."

Corrie reached for her glass, sipped water shakily.

"Got in this afternoon, Mr. Scott told me. Came by plane. You met her, didn't you, Corrie?" asked Mr. Parker.

Corrie didn't answer. She arose stiffly, went to the door. A slight radiant-faced girl with light brown hair and wide blue eyes rushed in, flung her arms about Corrie.

"Corrie, darling! How are you? Where were you? Of course, I really ought not to even speak to you, you've been such a gruesome correspondent."

"I know," said Corrie, submitting to the warm embrace. "I'm sorry, but I've been—busy."

"I looked all over for you at the airport—"

"Couldn't get away—had—other things to do."

"But Corrie, why didn't you tell me Brenda was expected today? You know you could have left things till tomorrow." Coming up behind them, Mrs. Parker beamed, kissed Brenda cordially. "Brenda, so nice you're home. How pretty you look dear."

"Like a million," said Mr. Parker heartily. "Well, how does little old Marysville look to you?"

"Just wonderful," Brenda smiled. "I could hardly wait to get back."

Corrie said, "I'm afraid it will seem dull here after—"

"Dull!" Brenda laughed gaily. "If you'd ever gone away to boarding school and flown back home for vacation, you'd know how terribly exciting it is getting back to old scenes, old familiar faces."

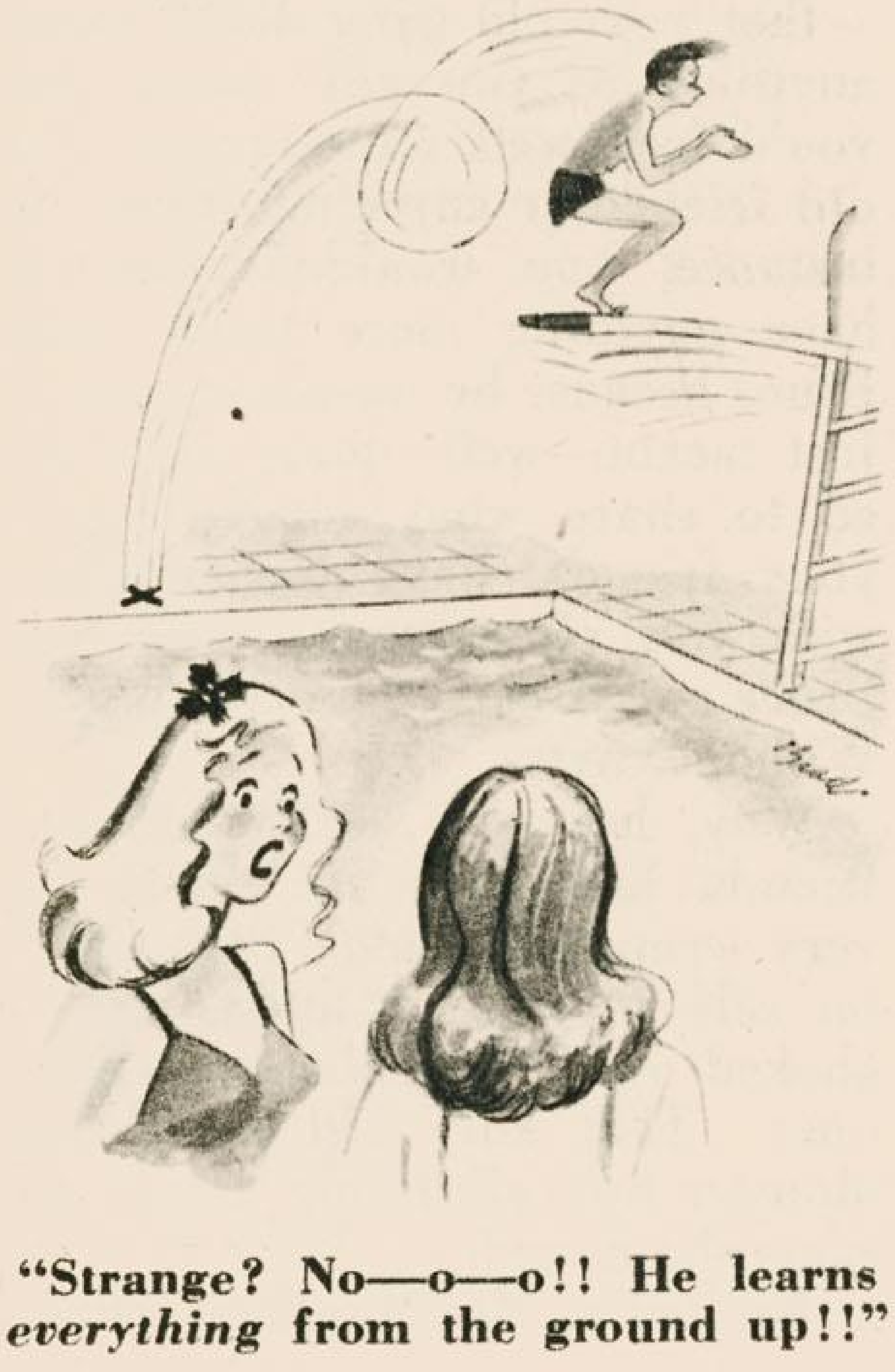
PERFECT GIFT

From page 19

Rubbing it in, thought Corrie bitterly. She knows as well as I do that I'll never be able to go away to boarding school, that I've never even been up in a plane. She certainly isn't going to let me forget the difference between us now.

She looked at her parents, obviously so pleased by Brenda's visit. Why? Because now Brenda had a wealthy stepfather, Barton Scott, Mr. Parker's own boss. Naturally they were flattered. Corrie couldn't remember that they'd ever seemed so pleased to see Brenda in the old days, when Brenda's widowed mother had had to work for a living as secretary to Barton Scott.

Corrie swallowed, remembering how things used to be. The mutual shoulder-to-shoulder struggle she and Brenda always had to make allowances stretch. How often she'd had to lend Brenda money, since the other girl's allowance had been even more meager than her own. How, diligently haunting remnant counters, they'd made their own clothes. How, just last summer, they'd worked at Gull Lake Lodge to finance new Fall coats. Brenda had been like one of the family, almost like Corrie's sister, sharing family fortunes, taken along to shows, the circus by the Parkers, included on weekend outings, visits to nearby relatives.



"Strange? No—o—o!! He learns *everything* from the ground up!!"

But that was all over. Brenda's allowance was practically a small salary now. She could buy her clothes in the best stores. That luscious pink jacket she wore was worth probably three times as much as her hard-earned Fall coat. In short, Brenda had moved into a different league. She didn't need the Parkers any more.

Nor they her. Corrie took a deep breath. Why didn't Brenda realize that? Corrie had got along all right without her this last year. She had the gang, she had Bruce—or had had until Brenda came home. Now probably all the boys would swarm around her, what with her clothes, money, and the elaborate rumpus room her stepfather was building for her, complete with soda bar.

Oh, why hadn't Brenda gone to some expensive camp this Summer, or—or Europe or—or anywhere but here? Because, Corrie thought grimly, she wanted to come back and play queen, wanted to dazzle everyone with her new status.

"Here." Brenda thrust a small box into Corrie's hand. "For you. I bought it in New York."

"Why, Brenda, how thoughtful, dear," said Mrs. Parker. "Just think, a gift from New York, Corrie. My! Open it—what are you waiting for?"

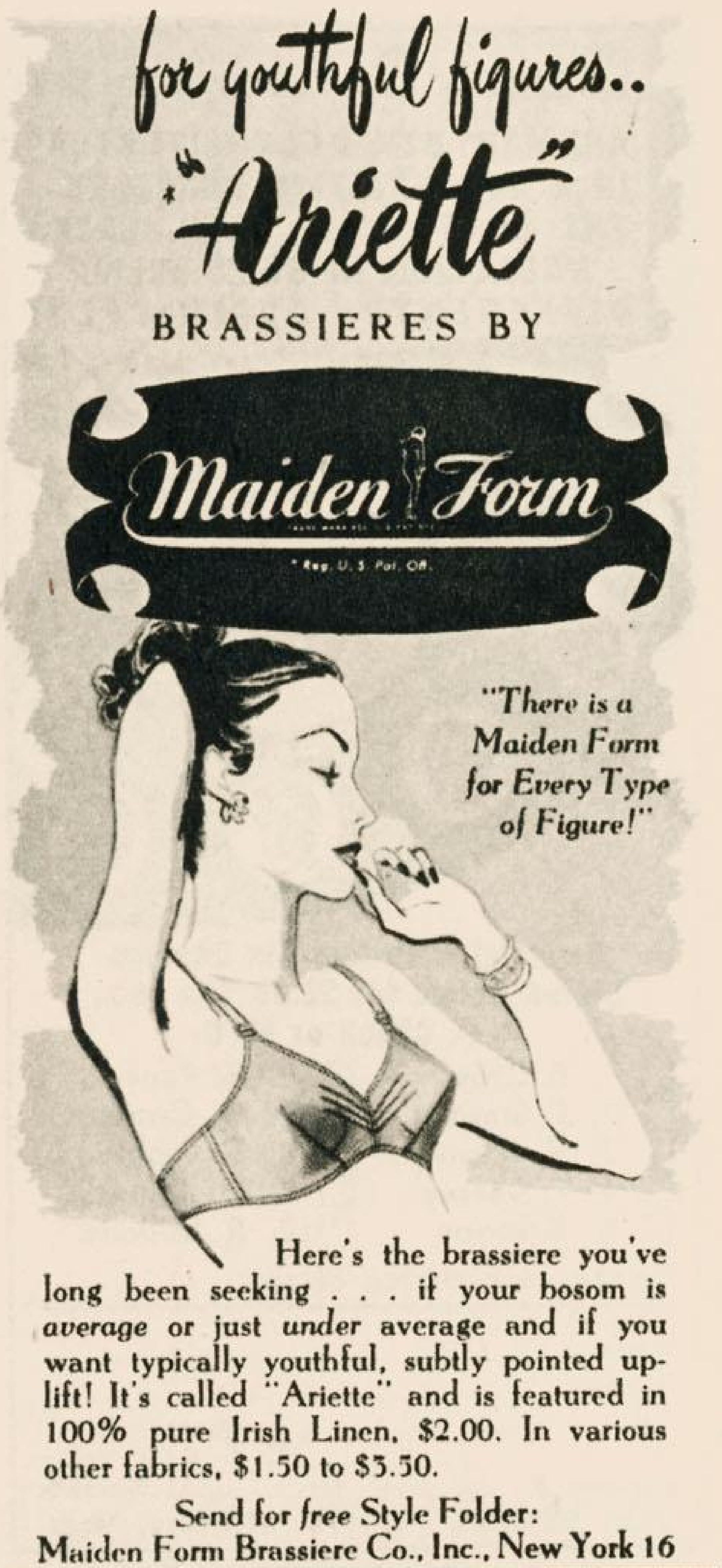
Corrie's cold fingers fumbled at the ribbon. Probably Brenda had bought presents for all the gang. She could easily afford it. Corrie opened the box. Inside lay the daintiest chatelaine she'd ever seen. Miniature crowns set with softly gleaming moonstones, bordered with rhinestones.

"How perfectly lovely!" cried Mrs. Parker.

Mr. Parker boomed admiration. Brenda flushed with pleasure.

"I looked all over Fifth Avenue for it, to find just the right one," she said happily. "Do you like it, Corrie—do you?"

The first delighted warmth that had flooded Corrie faded. What does she want me to do, fall on my face and clasp her ankles in gratitude, she wondered wryly. Besides, she didn't have anything to wear which could possibly do justice to the chatelaine. She could hardly wear it on her four-year brown suit. Brenda's gift just emphasized the shabbiness of the rest of her



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wardrobe. Had Brenda meant it to?

Corrie looked up slowly, said stiffly. "Thank you so much for bothering to get something for me, Brenda. It's very nice."

The expectant smile on Brenda's lips trembled uncertainly. Then she said vehemently, "It wasn't any bother, Corrie. It was—it was a pleasure. I loved doing it."

"I suppose spending money *is* lots of fun," said Corrie. "I wouldn't know." Darkness rose about her like black fog, and she would have said more, but the doorbell rang just then, stemming the ugly words.

Everyone started at the shrill jangle, looked relieved. Brenda said hastily, "I—I guess I'd better go. Looks like you've got company. I guess—well, goodbye, Corrie."

"Don't go, Brenda," said Mrs. Parker persuasively. "We do so want to hear about all your wonderful experiences in the East, about your school and your visit to New York and all."

Mr. Parker gave his daughter a glance, half-stern, half-bewildered, as he strode past to open the door. That's right, thought Corrie, miserably. She had forgotten that Brenda's stepfather was her father's bread-and-butter, hadn't she? Naturally that blinded him to the nobility of her stand, the self-respecting independence she had shown in refusing to toady to Brenda. She'd have to be more careful—why the Parkers were practically serfs!

Bruce came loping in, handed a special delivery to Mr. Parker. "Mr. Stoddard, the postmaster, asked me if I'd bring it along, sir, since I was coming, anyhow." He stopped, looked baffled. "Come to think of it, wonder how he knew that?"

"Maybe because you've been over every night for the last two months," said Corrie sweetly. She tucked her hand in Bruce's, an affectionate gesture which startled him. There, that would give Brenda something to think about. The Bruce-Corrie duo was new since her departure for boarding school. Not that she'd be seriously interested in Bruce, of course. His father was only a hard-working, poorly paid newspaper man.

"Hey, Brenda," said Bruce, "I hear they've got that soda bar practically installed in your rumpus room already. When do we eat?"

Brenda said quietly, not looking at Corrie, "Any time you want to—if you want to."

"If! Hey, what gives? My tongue's been hanging out like a Russian retriever's—"

"Corrie!" Mr. Parker had opened the letter, was looking rather dazedly at the sheet of paper in his hand. "Corrie—Eleanor—listen to this. It—it seems Aunt Agatha has named Corrie in her will!"

"James, how—how wonderful!" cried Mrs. Parker. "I was rather anticipating something of the sort—though I didn't want to raise Corrie's hopes by mentioning it. Aunt Agatha was always fond of Corrie, ever since she visited us when Corrie was a baby."

"Gosh," said Bruce, awed. "Corrie, you're a—an heiress!"

"Corrie, I'm so glad for you!" breathed Brenda.

Corrie's world blurred, tipped, spun, like a ball. She was an heiress! Now maybe she could do all the things she'd dreamed—go away to boarding school, have lots of smooth new clothes, give parties, buy presents for everyone, family and friends and . . . she drew a deep breath, eyes widening.

Why, that was exactly the way Brenda had felt, the way Brenda had acted when good fortune came her way! Probably every normal girl, every normal person, would react just about the same. But such super good luck didn't mean that—that your old gang didn't mean anything to you any more, that you'd feel, well, superior to your old friends or anything. That, for instance, you wouldn't want to have anything more to do with Bruce because he wasn't so rich. It just meant—well—that you wanted to share what you had with your friends, have them rejoice with you. Generously. The way Bruce and Brenda were doing now. Without envy.

Why, her own attitude toward Brenda had been all wrong—so very wrong. It hadn't been based on self-respect but upon—Corrie choked over the realization—jealousy. That silly old green-eyed monster now slithering away, forever, she hoped.

Excitedly, Mrs. Parker took the

letter from her husband. "But—but it says here it's—it's only two hundred and fifty dollars!" Her face fell. "James, by the way you spoke I thought it was a great deal more."

Corrie's world righted itself, settled slowly into place again. But it wasn't quite the same world. It seemed to have had its face lifted, or something. The wrinkles had miraculously smoothed out. Corrie's eyes misted.

Mrs. Parker put comforting arms about her daughter. "Don't cry, darling! Why, even two hundred and fifty is not to be scorned, darling. We ought to put most of it into your college fund, of course, but we can still take some to get you a nice new fall suit to wear with that lovely chatelaine Brenda gave you. There, there, don't cry—"

"I'm not crying," protested Corrie. "That is—"

"I know you're disappointed it didn't amount to something, but—"

"Mother, I'm not. Really!" Certainly there was no trace of disappointment in Corrie's glowing face. Her eyes were shiny happy, her warm lips curved joyously. "It amounts to a whole lot more than just two hundred and fifty dollars—to me. Why, it's—it's changed my whole Summer, maybe my whole life—"

"Corrie," said her mother gently, "you're being very brave, but don't exaggerate, dear."

Corrie looked from Brenda to Bruce. "Bruce," she said, "I haven't showed you the darling chatelaine Brenda brought me from New York. It's simply dreamy—here, have a look-see!"

Bruce took the box, gave a low appreciative whistle. Corrie turned hesitatingly to Brenda, then threw her arms about her friend.

"Oh, Brenda, I'm so thrilled you're back! Won't we have a grand Summer together, though? I can hardly wait to see that rumpus room and all. Say, do you suppose you could possibly stay all night—there's so much I want to hear about!"

"I'd love to," said Brenda. "I was hoping you'd ask me—and then you seemed so changed and —but now you're you again. Corrie, I've been homesick for Marysville all year!"

MAN-MADE MIRACLES

From page 26

prolonging qualities. The problem we scientists were faced with was: to add greater stability and washability to a fabric, while retaining all its desired characteristics. The solution? Resloom!"

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In the future, you can look for a new high in *woolen* summer styles, with Resloom added to make them highly serviceable. Putting the shoe on the other foot, or to be more exact, putting woolens in winter, soon they will be able to be made warmer, yet lighter. Resloom increases the thickness of the cloth, you see, while decreasing the amount of wool used. So depending upon how garments are processed they'll be suitable for winter or summer—or both!

Furthermore, cottons will zoom sky-high on popularity polls. You know that smart, crisp seersucker suit, for instance, which somehow never looks so smart *or* so crisp after you've worn it for a while? Made with Resloom, it will keep fresh-as-a-mint-leaf, even after a long train trip.

Chintz, too, always colorful and cool, will start to show its pretty self more in summer apparel. After a permanent launderable glaze with Resloom, neither water nor wear will remove its crispness.

Yes, we can just see our old Neanderthal Man wagging his shaggy head to say, "Isn't Science wonderful!"

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MEMORY OF LOVE

From page 15

"Give me a lad in uniform," she told Mrs. Herman. "There's something about braid and brass and the clean neat look of a head with a military haircut that gets us Waltham women."

"Me too," confessed Mrs. Herman.

"And," continued Mrs. Waltham, "there's something about us Waltham women that attracts men in uniform. Take my great granddaughter Townsend, for example. Before she was five there were two little boys who owned sailor suits and one who had a Buffalo Bill outfit that were mad about her. Without thinking real hard I can remember a Western Union boy, a bellhop and a theater usher, who later was promoted to corporal-usher, who went just crazy over the girl. And you can see with your own eyes, Dorothy, who's wild about my great-granddaughter now. The senior cadet captain, no less."

"Take my case now when I was Townsend's age. She's sixteen and I'm eighty-seven—that's seventy-one years ago and takes us back to the time when I was wooed and won by Townsend Waltham from whom my great-granddaughter got her name. But perhaps you would care to hear the story from the beginning?"

"I've heard it a hundred times," protested Mrs. Herman.

Mrs. Waltham affected not to hear.

"In that case," she said, "I shall start in the spring of 1876—"

I think there is no place lovelier than Washington in the spring (said Great-grandma Waltham) and the spring of 1876 turned out to be the most beautiful of all for me. I remember I woke and looked out my window at the tiny new leaves and heard the din the birds were making and I felt unaccountably sad.

"Emily Munn," I told myself, "you have good reason to be sad. You are sixteen and a woman grown and are neither wed nor affianced. I fear you will be an old maid. Can it be that men find your features unattractive?"

I ran quickly to my mirror but what I saw peeping above the high collar of my nightgown was most reassuring. In those days the expression "Hubba, hubba" was not a part of our language but had it been I would have said it. What I saw were two of the deepest blue eyes imaginable, sheltered by the upsweep of long, black lashes. Above was an ivory brow which served as a contrast for a great wealth of raven hair. Beneath a straight little nose, there was a generous mouth with a fleeting dimple set to one side. The whole effect was enough to drive any normal man—you'll pardon the modernism, Mrs. Herman—nuts. Yet here I was a spinster of sixteen with nary a prospect and for all I knew doomed to go to my grave never having known a husband's tender care, the wonder of motherhood!

I dressed moodily and went down stairs to find Papa and Dr. Kasper in consultation.

"Gracious, Dr. Kasper," I said, "Nothing amiss with Mama?"

"Nothing serious, my dear," he said reassuringly. "I fear that your mother underwent too much excitement at Ford's Theater last evening and is, in consequence, suffering some slight ill-effects. I absolutely forbid her to attend the White House ball tonight!"

"But Kasper," spluttered Papa. "This can't happen. It took six months of pulling strings to get that invitation. I've got to go to that ball. You don't know what prestige it lends a man in my business to be able to say that he's danced at the White House. If Mrs. Munn cannot go, I cannot. The invitation says 'and lady'."

"I know an acceptable substitute for your lady, Mr. Munn," Dr. Kasper said, smiling at me.

"B-but she's just a child. Impossible. I cannot take a mere baby to an affair of this importance."

"I'm sure General—President—Grant will find your daughter as

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charming and as beautiful as I do," Dr. Kasper urged. "Take her. It will be an experience she will always remember and cherish."

Ah, how truly Dr. Kasper spoke! What excitement there was in our house that day! Mama called in a seamstress to remodel her very own gown. As a result of the renovations which consumed a great deal of time I looked most ravishing but we were very late. In fact, by the time our barouche deposited us at the north door of the White House, General Grant's reception was over, so Papa and I were not presented. The strains of music indicated that the dancing was already under way.

I have never seen anything quite so beautiful as the ballroom that evening. Hundreds of beautifully gowned women were dancing with gallants from the military and diplomatic corps of the capital. Overhead the chandeliers twinkled, and long mirrors around the walls multiplied in reflection the breathless scene.

When I had regained my composure I found myself standing alone. Papa had wandered over to chat with a group of gentlemen and rather than attract attention to my lack of escort, I slipped out a nearby door and found myself in a smaller salon called, I believe, the Oval Room and I sank gratefully into a chair.

"Whew!" I said.

"I feel the same way about dances," a voice said from the shadows near a window.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," I said. "I thought I was quite alone."

A man walked out of the shadows. He wasn't very tall, but he was solidly built and wore a beard that was chopped off short and square to match his figure. He had a cigar clenched between his teeth and he came over and planted himself in front of me, teetering back and forth on widespread feet.

"Came in here to get away from 'em," the man said around his cigar. "Seems like I'm always in a crowd."

"Sir," I told him, "If I disturb you, I will withdraw."

He took his cigar out of his mouth and flicked the ashes on the rug.

"Gracious," I told him. "The President will be furious!"

"Oh, him!" said the man. "He doesn't bother me."

"He may not bother you, but if Mrs. Grant sees you she will rate you soundly like Mama does Papa when he scatters ashes on the rugs!"

The man chuckled.

"Mebbe Mrs. Grant would scold me a little," he admitted, "but not the President."

At that there was a chuckle off in the shadows.

"My goodness," I said. "Are there more people over there?"

"That's only young Waltham," the man said. "His father and I were in the army together. That right, Waltham?"

A voice said, "Yessir," running the words together like regular army people do. It was a young and a respectful voice but there was something about it. I wanted to see the man it belonged to.

The man flicked some more ashes on the rug.

"You're going to get your come-uppance if you keep on spilling things on other people's rugs unless, of course, you are an old, old friend of the Grants."

"Sometimes I think I know Ulysses S. Grant pretty well. Sometimes I think I don't know him at all," the man said.

He tapped his cigar out in a potted fern, pulled another from his pocket, bit off the end and began looking around.

"You'd better not," I told him and so he took the end of the cigar out of his mouth and dropped it in the fern vase too.

"I've talked enough about old U. S. Grant, young lady. Let's talk about you. What are you doing at this gosh-awful dance?"

"It's not awful. It's wonderful. A dream come true. None of the young ladies at Miss Woodward's Female Seminary will believe I attended a White House ball."

"What would they say if you'd danced with the President of the United States?"

"Sir, they would turn positively green, bright horrible green!"

"Then," said the man, "there are going to be a lot of green—horribly green—ladies at Miss Woodward's Female Seminary. Waltham! Waltham, come here!"

A most handsome young man emerged from the darkness. He was at least six feet tall

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and the blue uniform with the sergeant's chevrons and the yellow cavalry stripes running up the seams of his trousers just set my heart pounding as if it were going to tear itself apart. He had gray eyes and yellow hair that curled and his shoulders were so wide that they made his waist seem slim as mine. I knew as soon as he looked in my eyes that Emily Munn, spinster, was going to be Mrs. Waltham. Mrs. *What* Waltham? What was this wonderful man's first name?

"Sergeant Townsend Waltham," the man with the beard said. "I'd present him, ma'am, if I knew your name."

"Waltham," I said, "Emily Waltham, housewife!"

"Hey," said the sergeant, "that's my name, too—Waltham!"

"Oh, my goodness," I said. "I'm all confused. My name's Munn. Emily Munn. Whatever made me say Emily Waltham?"

"Want me to hazard a guess?" asked the man with the beard. "Want me to tell you why I think you called yourself Emily Waltham, housewife?"

"Oh, please don't."

"All right," he said. "But two of us know. Wonder how long it will take the party of the third part to find out?" He burst out laughing. "You know the lady's name, sergeant. Will you present me?"

The sergeant drew himself up very straight and formal.

"Mr. President," he said, "may I present Miss Emily Munn?"

I curtsied low to hide my face which was hot with blushing. Imagine telling the President of the United States that he'd get his come-uppance for ashes on the floor! And that big beautiful oaf of a sergeant standing in the shadows chuckling over the way I was making a fool of myself!

"Miss Munn, may I have the honor of this dance?"

I looked up and the President tucked my hand under his arm and led me to the ballroom.

The sensation we created was all that a girl could wish.

I heard a dowager whisper, "Who is she? He *never* dances."

Then I saw Papa standing next to Miss Woodward of Miss Woodward's Female Seminary. They saw the President and me at the same time. Papa gasped and clutched at Miss Woodward's arm. Miss Woodward lowered her lorgnette, dusted the lenses and peered again.

"Mr. President," I said, "that is Miss Woodward of the Female Seminary and the gentleman gasping at her side is Papa."

The President looked closely.

"Miss Woodward," he said, "is already faintly green. Shall we see if we can give her a brighter hue?"

He waved to Papa.

"Mr. Munn," he cried, "your daughter is quite the loveliest thing I've seen."

Papa just gasped some more but Miss Woodward smiled and called, "Quite my brightest pupil, Mr. President, and the prettiest, too."

The hypocrite. Only the day before she'd told me, "Miss Munn, if some man is ever unlucky enough to take you to wife, I venture to say that you will soon have him bankrupt. The simplest sums confound you, a failing which is likely to hopelessly confuse your household economy. A little more studious attention to your books and a little less primping before your mirror seem indicated."

After the dance was over, the President escorted me back to the sergeant, "Sergeant, I order you to see to Miss Munn for the balance of the evening. She's a mighty fine girl and you could do a lot worse. She'll never let you scatter ashes on the rugs or throw cigar butts among the ferns. Ha!"

And that (said Great-grandma Waltham) is how I married Townsend Waltham.

* * *

Mrs. Herman looked at her friend in amazement.

"Didn't your Papa forbid you to marry the sergeant?"

"Land sakes, no! The President practically commanded it. Then Papa found out that Townsend's father was a close friend of the Grants and he commanded it too. Miss Woodward began to believe that the whole thing was her idea and so she commanded it and Mama claimed that she was ill purposely so I'd meet the President and Townsend."

"How about your husband?" Mrs. Herman asked, "Didn't he have anything to do with marrying you?"

"He thinks the whole idea was his and I've never let him think otherwise," Great-grandma Waltham chuckled. "But everybody's wrong except me. I saw him. I fell in love, kerplunk, and I married him. But I never could break him of one bad habit he picked up from President Grant. Look!"

Great-grandma Waltham pointed to the corner of the room. A tall old gentleman with gleaming white hair stood near a potted palm. He removed a half-smoked cigar from his lips, flicked ashes on the floor and tossed the butt into the tub.

"Seventy years!" said Great-grandma Waltham. "Seventy years and he still does it. I'm afraid Miss Woodward was right. I'm a failure as a wife."

"Don't worry," said Mrs. Herman. "You've still time to work on him. You'll cure him yet."

Great-grandma brightened.

"Townsend," she called. "Come here. I've something to tell you."

The tall old gentleman strolled over and, bending down, brushed Great-grandma's cheek.

"None of that," cried Great-grandma Waltham. "You know what you've done. Ashes on the floor! Butts in the palms—"

"Has anybody told you that you are the most gorgeous creature here?" asked the old gentleman.

Mrs. Waltham turned to her friend.

"You have to watch these old soldiers, Mrs. Herman," she said, "but it's worth it. Give me a lad in uniform any day."

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